

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1879.

The Week.

THE newspapers have been much exercised during the week with the question, What shall be done with Grant? which may be called the principal conundrum of the day. The *Chicago Tribune* suggests that, inasmuch as the British Parliament voted several millions in cash and a dukedom in the peerage to Wellington, the American people may justly esteem themselves yet heavily in arrears to General Grant. The *New York Herald* learns that the Rothschilds of Paris are prepared to subscribe one-third of the capital of the proposed Nicaraguan canal on condition that General Grant accepts the presidency of the company. Another set of Froudes and Macaulays assign him the presidency of the combined Pennsylvania and Texas-Pacific Railways. Mr. Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, mentions, "as the opinion of those nearest to Grant," that a third Presidential term (but no more) would be considered by him gratifying and not unhandsome. Mr. Frye, of Maine, according to the *Herald's* "regular" Washington correspondent, thinks that Grant will not be nominated unless the people are impressed with the idea that there will be trouble again in counting the electoral vote—in which case they will nominate him, believing that he will declare himself elected and thus avoid the necessity of any count. Col. Crawford, of Georgia, who is described as a heavy loser of slaves and other chattels by the war, writes a letter proposing that Grant be elected President by Southern votes in order to secure rest and freedom from political turmoil—his previous terms of office having been noted as periods of tranquillity and repose in that much-disturbed section of the Union. Indeed, it seems to be generally agreed by those who are making the loudest noise that, although General Grant drove the Republican party into a minority, he is just the man to restore it to its pristine vigor; that although the Stalwarts want him in the capacity of a Field-Marshal for the South, the South also desires him as her physician and colporteur—in short, that round pegs are always best fitted for square holes, and that the devil is fond of holy water. The *Chicago Tribune's* remedy for such a lot of paradoxes—three millions in cash and a dukedom—although desperate, seems not unreasonable.

If one asks what the Grant "boom" at the South means we think the answer is not difficult to find. The Southerners wish a quiet life, and the restoration of their material prosperity and harmony with the North with as little humiliation and as little change in their habits as possible. They will not submit to negro ascendancy in States in which the negroes are in a majority, and they resist it in their old wild, brutal way. They found in 1875 and 1876, when they began to come back to Congress in force, that the Republicans were determined not to let them come back and share in the government on equal terms. Blaine, Morton, and all the rest began at once to taunt them and "draw" them as ex-rebels. When Senator Gordon raised his voice in favor of civil-service reform, Morton reminded him that if he and his friends had had their way there would have been no civil service to reform. When a committee containing several ex-Confederate officers pried into Mr. Blaine's railroad transactions, he shouted lustily that he was assailed by rebel Brigadiers, who were through him making another blow at the life of the nation. Provocation followed provocation, and when the Democrats got into power folly followed folly, the Stalwart chiefs fanning the flame of discord carefully, and the Southerners exposing their flanks like so many bulls in the ring. Finally it has come to such a pass that Mr. Foster, the Governor-elect of Ohio, has declared on the platform that he does

not want Confederates in Congress unless they confess formally, like naughty children, that they were wrong and wicked in rebelling, and that their dead relatives died like fools or criminals—a performance which would make every right-minded American ashamed of them not only as countrymen of his, but as men. There was a great deal of truth in Mr. Hill's observation in his late letter, that no Southerner has been able to attach himself to the Republican party hitherto without the sacrifice of his self-respect. They probably think now that Grant would spare their prejudices and weaknesses, and that they might under him move about as citizens of a common country, and not as people who ought to have been hanged—a position which may be as good as they deserve, but in which no one stays longer than he can help.

The Louisiana Republicans have, as everybody knows, made a veritable new departure. They have made up a ticket for the approaching election containing names of men of high character in no way identified with the old carpet-bag and officeholding set, and have drawn an excellent platform, containing no "bloody-shirt" or "Strong-Man" allusions, and full of good sense and good promise. They bid fair on this tack to win over the best part of the white population from the old Bourbon ways and aims. They have sent urgent appeals to the leading Stalwart orators at the North, who are so much occupied with the condition of the South, to come down and help them in the canvass. So far they have, it appears, been completely unsuccessful. Mr. Sherman's answer to the invitation has been published, and it is certainly a curious document to emanate from a gentleman who has been giving the account of "the Solid South" which he gave in the late canvass in this State. He, of course, cannot go; but he is sure that if Republican principles were fairly presented to the people of Louisiana and the Southern States "much prejudice . . . would disappear." "The same class of men," he says, "who in the South are Democrats are Republicans in the North." There has been a feeling throughout the North that free political discussion was not tolerated at the South, and he would "like to test this allegation" by going down himself, and seeing others go, to make such speeches as they recently made in Ohio. "The effect of such a discussion," he adds, "would probably be to show that there are more points of agreement between the citizens of different States than of disagreement," and would "tend to lessen party animosities."

The vote of this State has not yet been canvassed, and the counties of New York, Kings, Delaware, and Erie are yet to be heard from officially. The apparent majorities do not differ greatly from those we gave last week, such revisions as are reported, however, tending to increase the votes of all the Republican candidates. This circumstance is deemed suspicious by the Democrats, who betray some chagrin at the "apathy" of the general public in the matter. The latter feeling is possibly due to the difficulty of forming any precise opinion as to the cause of the delay and of the difference between the various reports from some districts. How is one to account, for example, for the discrepancies between three Associated Press reports of the 11th and 12th instant from Orange County, and between these and the reported official canvass, each succeeding one of which increased the majorities of Carr, Wadsworth, Wendell, and Ward, and finally showed a gain of ninety votes for Soule, while the vote of Cornell remained a constant quantity? The Democratic theory is obvious, and is the more boldly maintained for the discovery of barefaced attempts at fraud in Albany County, where the returns were clumsily "cooked," and Wendell (Rep.) was given 225 votes not cast at all and Mackin (Dem.) deprived of 272 which belonged to him. The majorities of the Republican candidates are so small that only a few successful efforts of this kind would be needed to account for them. The Super-

visors of this county are having a good deal of trouble in determining their duty, the Corporation Counsel having informed them, to their discomfiture, that irregularities which are not matters of substance should be neglected, which seems to impose upon them the exercise of more or less judgment.

Upon the whole we are justified in assuming that Maine just now affords a more comfortable spectacle of the badness of Democrats than New York. In that State the Governor and Council, who are Democratic and Greenback, propose, as the Republicans charge, to "count out" the Republican majority in the Legislature recently elected, or, as the Democrats retort, to canvass the vote strictly according to law. There is no doubt that the Republicans elected a majority in both Houses, and none, we presume, that if the Governor and Council were Republican they would so decide officially without any strenuous opposition on the part of the Democrats. But many of the Republican candidates were elected by very small majorities, and there seems to be no dispute that in these cases there were a good many technical irregularities, such as the posting of two notices of election in one town instead of the required three, and the posting of notice six days instead of seven in another. If such errors as these are considered by the canvassers the Senate will stand 19 Democrats and Greenbackers and 12 Republicans instead of the exact reverse, as it has been heretofore supposed it would. This clearly amounts to a disfranchisement of a large number of those who voted at the last election, and the only ground taken by the Democrats is that any other course would be illegal. There is, of course, great excitement, and the statesmen of Maine have gathered in great force at Augusta to endeavor to prevent the "stealing of the vote of a sovereign State," and, in General Arthur's happy phrase, "generally to look after the interests of the Republicans in the important work of the official canvass." The presence of Messrs. Blaine, Hamlin, Morrill, Chamberlain, Dingley, and Davis is certainly formidable, and we notice that a Republican journal expresses a doubt if Governor Garcelon will have "the nerve" to commit the contemplated "infamy." The affair has, of course, revived the memory of 1876 and other returning-board "infamy"; but as to whether there is any real analogy between the two the Democrats are as yet naturally in some doubt.

The Supreme Court decided on Monday three cases growing out of prosecutions for violation of the United States statutes relating to trade-marks, which had been brought up on certificates of division from the Circuit Courts of this State and of Ohio. The question involved was the constitutionality of these statutes, for which authority was sought to be found, but was not allowed by the Supreme Court, in the power of Congress "to promote the progress of science and the useful arts" by copyright and patent, or in the power "to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States." The Court held that nothing of invention or discovery inhered in trade-marks to bring them within the scope of the Constitutional provision, and that the statutes in dispute do not limit the use of trade-marks to inter-State or international commerce, but refer to all trade and to commerce between all points, which "is obviously the exercise of power not conferred upon Congress," though the Court expressly leave untouched the question of the Government's treaty-making power over trade-marks, and the consequent legislation of Congress. The statutes having been thus declared invalid and unconstitutional, it would be a mistake to suppose that trade-marks no longer afford any protection, or that anybody is free to use an established trade-mark. The truth is that the only right heretofore resulting from the registration of a trade-mark in the Patent-Office (beyond immediate ownership in it) has been the right to bring suit in a United States court for the enforcement of the trade-mark. United States courts have been so overloaded with business that trade-mark suits have been frequently brought in the State courts, by preference. The fact should not be

overlooked that the common-law rights of parties in the trade-marks which they have adopted and established are unaffected by the late decision.

Judge Westbrook has just rendered a decision in the so-called Coppers case, which excited a good deal of comment last summer. Coppers had purchased a lot in Calvary Cemetery in 1873, and had buried several members of his family in it. When he came to die himself, however, the trustees of St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral, who own and control the cemetery, stopped his funeral procession at the entrance to the grounds, and, in conformity with the rules of the Roman Church, refused interment to his remains for the reason that he had been not only a Protestant but a Freemason. The body was placed in a receiving-vault pending an appeal to the trustees of the Cathedral, who promptly ordered the relatives to remove it under penalty of having it buried in unconsecrated ground by the trustees themselves. The relatives, seeing that Coppers had paid \$75 for his lot and that \$7 had been accepted by the cemetery authorities for opening a grave for his body on the 16th of August, and having a desire to respect his natural wish to be buried with his family, obtained a temporary injunction against the threatened removal, and applied for a mandamus to compel the trustees to open the grave which they had been paid for opening. Judge Westbrook decides in favor of the plaintiffs, and unless the case is appealed the bones of the heretical and Masonic Coppers will repose by the side of his orthodox mother, wife, and children. It seems that there is another case of an analogous nature, in which the remains of a Protestant, Mrs. Chovey—whose niece is, curiously, the wife of Coppers's brother, by the way—are now in a receiving-vault at Evergreens Cemetery, having been refused interment in the Calvary lot in which Mrs. Chovey had buried two Catholic husbands, and on the decoration of which she had expended, it is said, \$500. Now that it is decided that, however incontestable the right of cemetery trustees to order their own cemeteries after their own fashion, they have no right to play fast and loose in a matter of contract and deny to the dead what they appeared to grant to the living, the Chovey case will probably take the same course as its predecessor. The proper thing for the Calvary trustees to do, we should say, is to make their reservations in their bills of sale, and not, after getting their grounds improved to the extent of sundry hundreds of dollars, interrupt funeral processions in a way that is not only unseemly but brutal.

Foreign gold continues to flow into the country, and the total specie imports since the resumption of specie payments have now mounted up to more than \$67,000,000, of which about \$61,000,000 have arrived since August 1. Although money is somewhat dearer in London, and sterling exchange here has advanced half a "point," the rates still favor gold imports. The local money market worked easily during the week, and the New York bankers have gained about \$6,500,000 in their reserves, or sufficient to give them about \$5,750,000 more reserve than the national banks are required by law to carry against deposits. Speculation in all departments continues to rage in a manner that recalls the times of the Mississippi, the South Sea, and other bubbles. So high have the prices of exportable products been carried in the domestic markets that the volume of exports has been diminished, which has caused a temporary scarcity of commercial bills, and that in turn an advance in the rates of bankers' foreign exchange. At the Stock Exchange the speculation has been most furious; the transactions have aggregated an average of more than 500,000 shares (par value of \$50,000,000) daily, and prices have jumped from 1 to 24 per cent., the last-named advance having been in the shares of a Southwestern railroad company which has not yet demonstrated its ability to pay the interest on its preferred debts. Buyers of stocks from all parts of the country throng into Wall Street and buy anything that is offered, taking no note of values, but acting on the calculation, which has served well so far this year, that some one else will buy at a higher price to-morrow or next week. When all this will end it is

difficult to say, but sooner or later values will govern prices as surely as water will find its level, and then those eager to be suddenly rich will curse Wall Street roundly, and many homilies will be aired about the immorality of stock-gambling and the thieving character of the whole Stock Exchange fraternity. Silver bullion has fallen from 53½*d.* to 53¼*d.* to 53½*d.* per ounce; and the bullion value of the 412½-grain silver dollar has receded to \$0.8933.

The details of the naval battle between the Peruvian ram *Huascar* and two Chilean men-of-war show it to have been one of the bloodiest and pluckiest sea-fights on record. The *Huascar* had had a remarkably successful career, owing to her speed and the skill with which she selected her odds, and to her had been mainly due the advantage which, previous to her capture, the allies had obtained over Chili. She was at last surprised in-shore by the *Blanco Encalada* and the *Admiral Cochrane*, and found herself obliged to fight or surrender. There seems to have been no thought of the latter alternative, and after a brief action she was boarded and her flag hauled down. The loss of the Chileans is reported—by themselves—to be trifling, but that of the *Huascar* was tremendous. Of the two hundred and sixteen men with whom she went into action but eighty-six survived, and these were almost all wounded and *hors du combat*. Among the dead are Admiral Grau, Captain Aguirre, and Lieutenant Rodriguez; and after the death of these Lieutenant Palacios, who assumed command though sorely wounded, repelled one attack of boarders, and only surrendered when the turret was blocked with the dead, the vessel riddled with shot and completely unmanageable, and no fighting force left. The Peruvians, so far from being disheartened by their loss, are raising money to purchase a new ram, the women contributing their jewels; Admiral Grau is to have a street named after him and a monument erected in his honor, and the war is to be continued to the bitter end. The *Huascar*, in spite of all the damage done her, can, it is said, be made serviceable for her captors. We are getting little by little an idea of what a great naval battle will be with the new ships, and it seems as if it would, as far as manœuvring is concerned, be very like the fight at Salamis.

The Rumanians have at last submitted to the demands of the Powers with regard to the Jews, and Article 7 of the Constitution has been revised so as to abolish all civil and political distinctions based on religion, and to permit the naturalization of all foreigners of whatever creed, either after ten years' residence and on proof of ability to support themselves, or immediately if the applicant has introduced a useful industry or invention into the country, or founded a great industrial or commercial establishment, or has given proof of distinguished talents, or if, being a native of the country, he has never claimed or enjoyed foreign protection, or if he has served in the late war.

The debates on the address to the Crown in the Vienna Reichsrath show a considerably altered state of Parliamentary affairs in Cis-Leithan Austria. The Constitutional party, representing mainly the German element, and rigidly adhering to the dualistic basis of the Monarchy as created by the readjustment of 1867, is in a minority in the Lower House, being now for the first time since that year confronted by a solid phalanx of Federalists, or, as they are now termed, Autonomists. The principal spokesmen of the latter party are the Czech representatives of Bohemia, who, by abandoning their long-continued policy of abstention from participation in the Reichsrath, have turned the scales. They are conditional supporters of the new Cabinet. As Count Clam-Martinitz, the able leader of the Czech landlord fraction, stated it, they have, by taking the oath, pledged themselves to uphold the Constitution, but without giving up their convictions as to the historical rights and natural claims of Bohemia, or the objections they have both to the substance and form of the new fundamental compact.

A change of it by legal processes is, they hold, demanded by the interests of the Monarchy no less than by those of the Czech nation. The same ideas were expressed, but in very vehement and aggressive language, by Rieger, so long known as the second, in Slav agitation, of his father-in-law, the famous Palacky, now deceased. Side by side with the Czechs, though not fully united with them by party bonds, the Poles of Galicia make vigorous assaults on the Constitutionalists. The latter, badly beaten in the last elections in consequence of their many dissensions, would probably be unable to stem the tide of Autonomist reaction, had they not, quite unexpectedly, a majority in the Upper House. And thus the curious spectacle is presented by the Reichsrath of a conservative Cabinet supported by a coalition of almost revolutionary fractions in the House of Deputies, and successfully combated by the lords, in spite of its receiving the votes of the archdukes and bishops.

Lord Salisbury's imprudent speech at Manchester, besides the just offence it has given to Russia as a power with which England is at peace, seems likely to involve the Ministry in a fresh complication by causing a most undesirable coolness with France. When he spoke of the Austro-German alliance as "good tidings of great joy," it appears that he knew nothing about it except what he had seen in the newspapers, and had not considered what it might mean beyond being a menace to Russia. The French, however, in common with the rest of Europe, consider it in the main an alliance against France, or a precaution against France taken by Bismarck, and they were therefore a good deal surprised and chagrined to hear the English Foreign Secretary shouting with joy over it. In fact, it is now a question whether the *entente cordiale* of the last ten years has not come to an end or been greatly cooled. There is no more news about the dissolution of Parliament, but the Opposition feel very confident it will take place before the Chancellor of the Exchequer submits his next budget, which it now seems certain will exhibit an amazing deficit of \$100,000,000. The Liberals have had in Manchester one of the greatest meetings ever seen, Mr. John Bright being the principal orator.

Sir Henry Layard seems at last to have lost patience with the Turks, and the appointment of Mahmoud Nedim and belief in intrigues with Prince Labanoff, the Russian ambassador, led him to order up the fleet by way of menace. This partly frightened and partly exasperated the Sultan, but the explanations made by Musurus Pasha, the Ottoman ambassador in London, seem to have proved sufficient, and the fleet is not to come up for the present and the "reforms" are to begin immediately. The fact is said to be that Sir Henry has at last become satisfied that the influence he supposed himself to possess with the Sultan does not exist or has been exhausted: that the Pashas expected the Asia Minor Convention to bring them a handsome loan or subsidy from England, and now perceive that they have been deceived, and are willing to throw themselves into the arms of Russia or anybody who will save them from being pestered by the British about "reforms"; and that intrigues or negotiations with a view to that have been going on. Unfortunately, England can now get at them a little more rapidly than Russia. Another cause of trouble is the joint protest of the ambassadors against any more pledging of the customs as security for small loans. The customs have been pledged already several times for this purpose, and the Powers naturally think it is time to stop. There is a widespread feeling that the crisis is at hand. All semblance of government seems to have ceased in Asia Minor. The troops and zaptiehs have turned brigands; every traveller goes with an armed guard hired by himself, and the villages begin to be fortified. The robbers, too, have begun on the European side to rob up to within a short distance of Constantinople. Indeed, it may be said that every one interested is waiting with painful anxiety to see which of the Powers will first propose to the Turks to leave Constantinople.

THE REAL OBSTACLES TO FREE-TRADE.

It was a curious fact that nobody at the Free-Trade dinner given to Mr. Bayley Potter the other night made any allusion to the proposed Austro-German Zollverein, which would establish free-trade between 70,000,000 of the most industrious, ingenious people in Europe, besides that, through Austria, Bosnia at once, and probably Montenegro before long, would be covered by it. In fact, should Bismarck's scheme be carried out it would be the greatest triumph for free-trade yet achieved. Nor was anything said about the probability that, should it be carried out, a similar union would probably take place between France and Italy, and Belgium and Switzerland, which would give free trade for all practical purposes to 70,000,000 more of an equally ingenious and industrious population. Both Mr. Potter and Mr. Wells, who were the only speakers who devoted themselves to the free-trade question, talked very much as if it were the affair of Great Britain and the United States solely, whereas it is the affair of the whole civilized world; and they placed in the forefront of their case a prediction that very serious consequences would ensue under our present system from a bad harvest next year here or a very good harvest in Europe, or both. Predictions, however, are always rather ineffective as arguments, and they fall with great lightness on the ears of the prosperous; moreover, the area of agricultural production in the United States is now so enormous, and the facilities for transport so great, that predictions of bad harvests are very hazardous. We have been expecting one with some anxiety since 1870, but it has never come, and is less likely now, to a degree that would seriously affect us financially, than it was ten years ago, so that people are not likely to incline to a low tariff by way of preparation for this particular contingency.

The great difficulties in the way of free-traders in this country are three in number: one is the name itself, and another is the deep-seated belief of the average man that free-trade cannot be carried on across political boundaries with profit for both parties. The term has become synonymous in his mind, even when he is not a hereditary Whig, with foreign hostility to American growth, and largely because free-trade has meant, during the greater part of the tariff controversy, free-trade with one power, and that one particularly odious to the generations which managed American politics and business down to the outbreak of the civil war. It was always understood that when the lowering of the tariff was called for, it was in order that British goods might obtain easier access to American markets. It was with British rivals almost exclusively that American manufacturers, in the three great fields into which they were most attracted, the iron, cotton, and woollen industries, found themselves obliged to contend from the very earliest days of American industry. So that it was not surprising that free-trade should have almost from the beginning been known as "British free-trade"—that is, a device of British contrivance for British profit—and that Henry C. Carey and Horace Greeley found it easy to accuse free-trade orators and writers on this side of the water of being stimulated by "British gold." So true is this that we doubt very much whether to this day ten per cent. of the Americans who think about free-trade at all, think of it as anything but unrestricted commercial intercourse with England only, in which Englishmen—or, in other words, the old enemies first of American independence and then of American growth and progress—would reap all the profits. In fact, the term "free-trade" commotes in the popular mind of America to-day, even among those who have not been brought up in Whig traditions, some kind of degrading dependence on England; so that the question of free-trade is in this country by no means a purely fiscal or commercial question, as most English propagandists are apt to imagine; it is half political, and you may get the best of the economical argument ten times over and still leave the stronger half of the protectionist case untouched. If it were not for this there would be something a little ludicrous in the impression which the very mention of free-trade produces on a great many Americans, who are in all

other fields fond of general ideas, and are attracted by all movements which seem to make for universal peace and the reign of human brotherhood. It sounds to them like a proposal that they should engage in piracy or smuggling, or some other venture of great profitableness but undoubted criminality; and the effect of this is heightened by the free-trader's claim that his dogma is a direct offshoot of the fundamental rule of Christian morality.

The second difficulty in the way of the free-trader here is the enormous size of the area which is given up to free-trade under the American Constitution. As a matter of fact no government has as yet established free-trade between so many people as the American Government, and it has so happened that this American free-trade covers a greater variety of soil and climate and national product than the free-trade of Great Britain; and, what is more, it is absolute free-trade, not partial. This has really made Americans perfectly familiar with all the elementary principles of the free-trade gospel. They know and practise over the area of their own country nearly all Bastiat's theories. No Northerner ever thinks of asking for protection against the products of Southern heat and sunshine. The Pennsylvanian iron-master and coal-master know well that they must take their chance against the mineral wealth of Missouri. The Eastern farmer submits without a murmur to be driven out of the markets by the wheat and fruit of California, and the corn of Indiana and Iowa. The Massachusetts spinner has nothing to say when he hears of successful mills springing up in Georgia and Illinois; he is as mute and resigned as John Bright or Richard Cobden could wish. So that really there is no American who does not possess complete acquaintance with free-trade as an economical theory by actual practice before his eyes. No European has had the same opportunity of witnessing its working. The trouble which it is bringing on the British farmer, and by which he is at this moment so dazed, is one with which the American farmer in all the Eastern States has been familiar for over twenty years, or ever since the railroads began to tap the prairies. Moreover, the American home market for everything grows with unexampled rapidity. The manufacturer witnesses every year an enormous increase in the number of farmers he has to clothe and supply with tools and wheels, and the farmer finds wherever he settles that within a few years he has a large town population within easy reach to buy his produce. The great influx of European capital, too, into American railroads ten years ago did a great deal to prevent the rise of interest in foreign free-trade among the agricultural population. In the natural course of things the Western farmer ought not until now, if even now, to have had the means of access to European markets. The railroads which have for ten years been supplying him with it could not have been built on a purely commercial basis. They could not and did not pay when constructed. But they were built largely with foreign money, under the influence of an immense delusion, and have been working diligently for a good many years at a heavy loss, which has fallen mainly on foreigners. The result has been tantamount to the payment of a heavy bounty on the export of American produce. It has enabled American farmers to reach markets which no change in the tariff could have enabled them to reach, and relieved them of all necessity and of all temptation to think or talk about free-trade.

The one remaining difficulty in the way of free-trade, here as everywhere, is the notion that trade carried on across political lines is less advantageous than, or not so advantageous as, trade between people living under the same government. That the wonderful success of free-trade between the several States of the Union has not destroyed this notion, and has not, for instance, created an overwhelming opinion in favor of the admission of Canada, at least, to a customs union with us, seems strange at first blush; but it is we believe, accounted for by the fact that the country which has always been associated most closely with free-trade in the popular mind has, as we have said, been one to which popular antipathy was very strong, and whose eagerness for anything made the advantage of that thing to the United States seem doubtful. But it is a prejudice which is still very deep-seated—witness General

Grant's belief when President (and on matters of this sort he may be considered an average man)—that we lost heavily by trading with San Domingo while it was foreign soil, but would make much money by trading with it if annexed. Nothing will do so much to eradicate it as the multiplication of commercial treaties, and the formation of large Zollvereins, such as Prince Bismarck proposes, including several independent states. These things will furnish the actual experiment which, in a question of this sort, has more popular value than any number of books or lectures. There is probably no country in the world so interested now in throwing down all barriers to commercial intercourse as the United States, owing both to their wonderful and now easily-accessible natural resources, and the remarkable bent of the national genius towards both trade and invention. In open competition it is very difficult to say what nation will be able to find a market here thirty or forty years hence for anything but tropical products, and just as difficult to see what markets Americans can then be kept out of.

DISAPPEARANCE OF THE REFORM ADMINISTRATION.

THE prolongation of the count will perhaps justify one more attempt to point the moral of the late election in this State. Our concern is not this time with the voter nor with the Machine, but with the Administration and its part in the canvass. We printed, a fortnight ago, side by side, an extract from President Hayes's inaugural address, urging "a return to the principles and practices of the founders of the Government," who "neither expected nor desired from public officers any partisan service"; an extract from the same President's Executive Circular, forbidding Federal office-holders to "take part in the management of political organizations, caucuses, conventions, or election campaigns," or even to "express their views on public questions" if it should "interfere with the discharge of their official duties"; and finally Mr. Sherman's letter to Appraiser Dutcher in "cordial approval" of his "taking part in the Cornell and Hoskins campaign." Whatever the opinions of men may be as to the wisdom or sincerity of the civil-service reform plank in the Cincinnati platform, or the famous endorsement of it in Mr. Hayes's letter of acceptance, or the regulation laid down in the Executive Circular just cited, we do not believe that any high-minded and candid Republican could read without a blush these contradictory official utterances, from the highest sources in the Government, within three years from the time when the President declared "thorough, radical, and complete reform" in our civil service to be a "paramount necessity." Those who appreciated the difficulties in the way of this reform, or who wholly doubted its practicability, may have expected to see President Hayes's endeavors thwarted, as Grant's were, by the politicians, and his ardor chilled to death by public apathy; but they did not look to see him eat his own words. Failure to carry out his intentions might have illustrated either the gravity of the undertaking or the folly of it, but would have left his character untouched. Failure to stand by his solemn appeals, or to enforce an order entirely within his competence, must lower the President even in the estimation of his enemies.

Perhaps the worst blow that could have been dealt civil-service reform was to give it the air of humbug. Mere delay, due to the forces arrayed against it, would not have harmed it, and would have been improved in educating the people to a proper sense of its nature and importance. A consistent attitude towards it, however feeble, would not only have entitled Mr. Hayes to a moral acquittal, but would have enabled the reform to hold its own and to count upon future steady progress. Had he and Secretary Sherman been defeated in their effort to get Cornell out of the Custom-house, Mr. Conkling might have enjoyed a momentary triumph, but the cause would simply have received one of those checks which are like the winding of the mainspring of a watch. It would have gathered fresh strength from the resistance. They were, however, in the end successful, after a struggle which had none of the appearance of a farce, and which led outsiders to suppose that a hard and fast line

had been drawn, if not between Reform and the Machine, at least between the Administration and Messrs. Conkling and Cornell—the one an insulting and defiant opponent, the other a servant dismissed for cause. Pride might have been reckoned on, if honor failed, to prevent any reconciliation between the two sides to this controversy which did not proceed from the defeated party. It must, therefore, have shocked every man of sensibility who knew that Cornell's nomination for Governor was distasteful to the Administration, that it was forced by Mr. Conkling and was meant to be a snub direct, and that it was semi-officially deprecated at the Convention by Vice-President Wheeler, to see Mr. Evarts ridiculing the Scratchers, and Mr. Sherman offering a thousand votes (if he had them) for Cornell, and quoting the President with authority as ardently wishing his election. We are every day reminded how much the American reputation for humor is belied by what is tolerated in the sphere of politics; we will not, however, admit that these performances have failed to provoke a melancholy smile among all who have the American good name at heart.

We do not think we shall be accused of pessimism when we say that the Administration's part in the New York canvass destroys all hope of any further gains from it to the cause of civil-service reform. Its strength of purpose in this direction has been tested, and found to succumb to the temptation of State elections having a national aspect—that is, those which take place on the eve of the Presidential year, and in which the voter is accustomed to sacrifice to a supposed necessity, diligently cried up by the party managers, his gathering independence and all the fruits of "off-year" discontent. There is nothing surprising in the Administration's desiring a Republican inheritance, nor in lending its moral weight to the party supremacy in State as well as in national elections. While party exists, no matter what becomes of the civil service, the sympathy of those in power will be with those who placed them there. There was, nevertheless, in Mr. Hayes's case, a peculiar expectation that he would keep aloof from unseemly participation in the choice of his successor. While the Republicans have never committed themselves to the one-term doctrine, and gave it no countenance in their Cincinnati platform, Mr. Hayes (whose perception, by the way, of the relation of this doctrine to that of civil-service reform has never been manifest) did announce in the beginning his fixed resolve not to stand for a second term, and so made it reasonably sure that a certain kind of corruption would not attach to his Administration. This did not, indeed, hinder him from rewarding with office a too large number of unfit characters, whose sole claim upon him was having helped to "count him in" in the doubtful Southern States. A President seeking re-election would have done the same thing, it is true, and these appointments were, as far as they went, open to the charge of having been made if not for personal for party ends. They raised, too, questions of delicacy and decency not different in kind, and hardly in degree, from those which Grant's appointments so freely gave rise to; but, after all, there was a difference, and we pass them by. What was to be expected from him was that he would not conspicuously send messages of cheer and encourage his Cabinet officers to take the stump in any State, under the auspices of so-called Republicans and on the pretext of the national bearing of the election (making it, in fact, a part of the Presidential canvass of 1880), when in order to do so he had not only to throw aside his personal and magisterial dignity, but such impedimenta as formal and repeated pledges to the cause of civil-service reform, and acts in its behalf whose abandonment was the very Caudine Forks of Executive humiliation.

Mr. Sherman and Mr. Evarts were unhampered by any declarations or scruples in regard to a second or even a first term. But both were bound by the attitude of their chief, and Mr. Sherman as well by his immediate connection with Cornell's removal, to stay away from New York during the canvass, and to do and say nothing to discredit the Scratchers, who were, on any manly interpretation of the Government's position, the real Administration party for that election; who were, by reference to the Cincinnati platform, the only Republican party for that election. Such a desertion of its

own principles marks the end of the Administration as a force devoted to the elevation of the party. It also marks the extinction, in the same quarter, of that nice sense of honor—the other side of which is a capacity for shame—which maintains the tone of public life, and which makes even bad politics consistent with national self-respect and international esteem. Mr. George Bliss, the other day, in his letter to General Arthur, held that “it must be a very exceptional case which would justify an honorable man in bolting after taking part in a convention” and being beaten. That evidently depends on whether the convention is a game, as he seems to regard it, in which of course “heads I win, tails you lose” has no place; or whether it is an opportunity for deliberate comparison of opinions as to measures and men, according to a common standard of political belief and public morality. No such doubt can exist as to the binding force upon a party, and upon the chief of that party, of the solemn profession of faith which we call a Presidential platform. The candidate of the national convention which frames the platform may be the *pis-aller* of a small majority—the real choice of only an insignificant minority; it is enough, other things being equal, according to Mr. Bliss, to make every honorable partisan do his best to elect him. The platform, on the other hand, the result of a compromise in which each faction may have been consulted, commonly represents that residuum of doctrine which results from concessions on the part of extremists. It has, therefore, a much more sacred character than the candidate, and cannot be betrayed by those who profess to stand upon it without a measure of dishonor which we will leave Mr. Bliss to determine and to stigmatize as it deserves. This betrayal began, as we pointed out at the time, as soon as the canvass was opened in 1876, and it reached its culmination in the open, unreserved, and “cordial” support given by the President and his two leading advisers to the ticket imposed by Conkling and headed by Cornell; and yet the career of the Administration is only a little more than half ended. There was a time when we might have hoped that, if it had not accomplished much towards reform, it would at least go out of office with a becoming adherence to it:

“—se la stanza
Fu vana, almen sia la partita onesta.”

These anticipations have not been realized. It is even doubtful whether we shall owe it the retention of the civil-service reform plank in the next Republican platform, and whether even what we do owe it—the purified atmosphere of the White House, an honest and generally efficient and business-like conduct of the departments without scandal or jobbery, and a very hopeful beginning of Custom-house competitive examinations—will save us from the return of the Silent, Strong Man to Washington, with no “letter of acceptance,” no talk of “paramount necessity” in his inaugural address, no “Executive Circular” to office-holding Machinists, and plenary indulgence for the Dutchers and Cornells of the third-term era.

PUBLISHERS AND INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

IT is generally understood that a vigorous push is to be made this winter at Washington to secure some provision for international copyright. This attempt will be made under circumstances of a peculiar and novel character. Hitherto the agitation has been mainly promoted by authors. Now, however, for the first time in its history, a strong and united pressure will be brought to bear by the large publishing-houses. In all previous discussions on the subject in this country the argument in favor of some international recognition of authors' rights has been mainly rested upon abstract considerations of justice and fair dealing, and it has been taken for granted that the present condition of the law was for the pecuniary advantage of the United States. In this instance, however, important business interests prove to be at stake. Hitherto, again, it has been generally assumed that international copyright, though not yet given a place in the statute or treaty law of the United States, was still making a steady advance in public opinion, which would sooner or later produce its effect in legislation. The system of royalties paid to foreign authors by leading publishers—a growth of the last thirty years—has been often pointed to as a cheering proof of this

tendency. It now appears, however, that the growth of public opinion is being sapped, and the system of royalties itself threatened in its weakest part, by a new and serious danger, which, if not checked, must in the long run reduce foreign authors' rights to the pitiful condition in which they stood thirty years ago, give a general license to piracy throughout the United States, and remit the enactment of an international copyright law to a period too remote to be a matter of interest to any of those who are now on the stage.

Ever since the beginning of the present year there has been a constant cross-fire of pamphlets, letters, and articles on the subject of copyright, and some of the main points at issue were presented in a *symposium* published not long since in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The magazine undertook to give on the one hand an American view of the copyright question, and on the other English objections to that view. The first was put forward by Mr. S. S. Conant, whose connection with the publishing interest is so well known that his opinions may fairly be treated as identical in substance with those of such representative firms as the Harpers or Appletons. The substance of his argument, very shortly stated, is this: Public opinion in this country favors justice to authors, but it also favors the American system of book-manufacture—*i.e.*, it insists on cheap books. It recognizes the justice of the foreign author's claim to be paid for his work, but it insists that if he is to be protected by our laws he must get his protection in such a way that it will not interfere with the right of the American public to have books provided for them cheaply. Now, it is admitted on all hands that English books are not cheap, and consequently it follows that to make them so they must be published here. The only sort of international copyright law that is worth considering, therefore, is one securing to the foreign author the protection of our laws on condition of first publication here by a citizen of the United States. To this Mr. Conant's English critic replies that if this is the sort of international copyright proposed we may as well abandon all idea of its being adopted, because England will never consent to it. In the course of his argument he refers to the novel and important fact which has given the copyright agitation its new chance of success. Mr. Conant in his remarks dwells upon the “pressing” character of the question, and refers to the open letter addressed some months since by the Harpers to Mr. Evarts, suggesting an international conference. But why, says Mr. Conant's critic, has the matter become “pressing”? What has lately happened that has made one of the greatest American publishing-houses come forward with such a suggestion? According to Mr. Conant's account the system of royalties for advance sheets had reached such a pitch of perfection that English authors who made the proper arrangements were paid nearly as much as they would be under any copyright system; and no American publishing-house has any rational motive for desiring to pay more. If the question has become “pressing,” some explanation of the fact is required.

The explanation correctly suggested is that the system of securing the right to publish foreign authors' works through the “courtesy of the trade” has broken down. This system has been a very simple one. The house that desired to reprint a foreign book for the American market gave a sort of informal notice of its intention, and thenceforth was recognized by courtesy as having the right to republish that author's work without interference from other publishers. Not long ago, however, it occurred to some enterprising publishers of what would be called in England “penny dreadfuls,” that they might reprint in an extremely cheap pamphlet form books protected by the courtesy of the trade. They accordingly began to bring out at a price slightly in excess of the cost of manufacture current English books. Issuing them in this form, at regular weekly intervals, and numbering them consecutively, they succeeded finally in having them classed by the Post-office authorities as periodicals, and therefore entitled to the cheapest rate of postage. The effect of this was of course to threaten the royalty system in its most vital part. Such houses as the Harpers could not afford to go on paying foreign authors a royalty if books were placed on the market at such a price as to make the system unprofitable. The only way to meet this new danger was to insist at once on an international copyright law which would absolutely prevent piracy, and enable them to keep the control of the market. Undoubtedly the “pressure” somewhat obscurely referred to by Mr. Conant arises from this necessity. There may be those who think that there is something wrong in the desire of publishers to do away with this new and dangerous form of piracy, and to believe that a mere statement of the facts is enough to lay bare the insincerity of the proposed scheme. But we must say at the outset that there seems to us nothing sinister in the project—unless, indeed, we consider sinister every attempt

by one man of business to prevent himself from being undersold in the market by another. It must be remembered that copyright in this country cannot any longer be discussed as an abstract question. A system has grown up, bad in its origin, no doubt, but which does in a measure secure to foreign authors their rights through a sort of publisher's good-will. This system inures to the profit both of authors and publishers, and is now in danger of being supplanted by absolute and unrestricted piracy. This clearly would be an evil, and, as we have suggested above, an evil which once established would probably never admit of a cure. If standard books were to be regularly reprinted here at a twenty-fifth of their cost in England, the public, once accustomed to such an unheard-of luxury, would not readily give it up. It is therefore perfectly fair to say that the protection of foreign authors has acquired a new and pressing urgency. This urgency presses upon all publishers who have been in the habit of paying royalties to foreign authors, and has already forced one well-known firm into adopting retaliatory measures by republishing the books on which they pay foreign authors, and which by "the courtesy of the trade" belong to them, at a price entirely unremunerative. Of course this cannot continue. Hence, almost by accident, it has suddenly become for the direct pecuniary interest of some of the largest publishing houses in the United States that international copyright should be established with all possible speed.

Before considering any plan for international copyright on its merits it is important to bear in mind that there are three parties whose interests have to be considered, or who have at least to be conciliated, in order to bring any copyright law within the range of possibilities—first, foreign authors; secondly, American publishers; and, thirdly, the American public. To begin with the last, it may safely be assumed that no measure which threatens to increase the price of books seriously can be got through Congress. Whether this difficulty grows out of the popular love of knowledge or out of some less noble feeling, is unnecessary to discuss here. Congress considered the question as lately as 1872, when Senator Morrill introduced from a committee having the matter in charge a report in which the following passage occurs:

"In view of the whole case, your committee are satisfied that no form of international copyright can fairly be urged upon Congress upon reasons of general equity or of constitutional law; that the adoption of any plan for the purpose which has been laid before us would be of very doubtful advantage to American authors as a class, and would be not only an unquestionable and permanent injury to the manufacturing interests concerned in producing books, but a hindrance to the diffusion of knowledge among the people and to the cause of universal education."

Since this report nothing has been done. For the present purpose the temper of Congress is that of the public, for it is with the temper of the public as represented in Congress that we have to deal. With regard to the rights of American publishers who have obtained the good-will of foreign authors, every consideration of justice and expediency points to the necessity of not arbitrarily depriving them of a business which our system of legalized piracy has encouraged. If it is urged in reply to this that they cannot have acquired rights by a system which was originally based on simple piracy, the conclusive answer is that no copyright for foreign authors can ever be secured without their assistance. Finally, no plan is likely to succeed which does not command the assent of foreign authors.

But the great and important question is, How will the proposed plan be likely to work? The immediate result of the proposed scheme, supposing it to be legalized, would be that all English authors who could make an arrangement with an American publisher would be able to secure an American copyright. We take it for granted that the recommendation of the British Copyright Commission that a British author shall not be debarred from acquiring British copyright by foreign publication will be made law by Parliament. It should be observed that an essential part of the plan suggested by Mr. Conant was the total manufacture of the book in this country by a citizen of the United States. Some weeks before the date of the Harpers' letter to Mr. Evans the matter had been called to the attention of the public in an address delivered by Mr. G. H. Putnam, who also urged, on behalf of a house which had from the first identified itself with copyright reform, the appointment of an international commission. Mr. Putnam's recommendation, which probably now more nearly represents the views of the publishing interest than Mr. Conant's, was that the book, to secure protection, must be printed and bound in this country, the privilege being accorded of importing foreign stereotypes and electrotypes of cuts. Supposing this, then, to be the plan actually carried into effect by international agreement, the

probable results are not very difficult to foresee. By a system of co-operation between the publishing houses of the two countries, which is already to a considerable extent in operation, the markets of both countries will be secured to the author. Through this co-operation, and the guaranty against piratical competition afforded by the law, the cost and risks of production of the English as well as the American edition will be considerably reduced, leaving a larger margin of profit from which to compensate the author, and also make it possible to give the book to the consumer at a lower price.

Though English publishers would probably in the long run be benefited by the growth of international business produced by a copyright treaty, there appears to be among them now a hostility to any change. This probably grows out of a dread lest the amount of their direct exportations to the United States may to some extent be curtailed. It is also their honest belief that any restrictions on copyright as to manufacture are in themselves unjust.

There is a way of effecting the end in view, however, without taking English publishers into the account, and, considering the great danger with which the latest form of piracy threatens all foreign authors, we think there would be ample justification in trying it. For any international system of copyright the consent of both England and the United States is required. But it is not so for the purpose of securing foreign authors' rights in this country. There is nothing to prevent Congress of its own motion from establishing these by law without a step being taken in Great Britain. It might be objected that the Constitution does not grant Congress power to secure exclusive publication to foreigners; but the words used are as broad as language can make them. They include all "authors," and to decide in advance that the Supreme Court would hold this to mean only authors who were also citizens seems entirely irrational. And if Congress cannot do it, how can a treaty do it? It cannot be seriously believed that a treaty is of higher obligation than the Constitution, or that the treaty-making power can exercise prerogatives in violation of Constitutional limitations. There can be little doubt that with the powerful support of the publishers such an act could be passed without serious difficulty, and almost as little that it would be speedily followed by some enlightened and permanent system. The only class that could possibly object to such an act would be foreign publishers; and the interests of foreign publishers we are not bound to protect. Curiously enough, such a statute has been introduced into Parliament by the British Government, in accordance with the recommendations of the Copyright Commission. This bill provides that any alien, wherever resident, may acquire English copyright by first publication in the British dominions. When such a law as this is being favorably considered in Parliament, and a reciprocal scheme is being advocated on this side of the water by the only great interest which may be expected to have the opportunity of influencing legislation in Congress, it seems as if the day of international copyright ought not to be very far off. The alternative now is either international copyright or a system of piracy compared with which that practised hitherto would seem like even-handed justice.

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT.

I.

PARIS, October 31, 1879.

THE 'Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat (1802-1803)' will take a place among the most important documents concerning the history of France at the beginning of the nineteenth century. They show us the real Bonaparte, the man, not the Napoleon who has been transformed by legend and poetry. The correspondence of Napoleon I. published by Napoleon III., under the direction of Prince Jérôme Napoleon, will always remain the most important document for the historian. Future ages will study Napoleon in this voluminous correspondence as we now study Henri IV. in the seven folio volumes of his 'Lettres et Missives' published by the Government, and as we study Richelieu in the collection of his letters and despatches. But the general public will probably never read the correspondence of such men, and will rather turn to such books as the 'Memoirs of Madame de Rémusat.'

M. de Rémusat, who took an important part in our parliamentary life under the reign of Louis-Philippe, and who accepted from M. Thiers, after the unfortunate war of 1870, the post of Minister of Foreign Affairs, is well known to the literary as well as to the political world. Since his death his son, M. Paul de Rémusat, has published two works of his father's, both historical dramas—one on Abélard, the other on the Mas-

sacre of Saint Bartholomew. In less troubled times these two dramas would certainly have been more noticed, as they are both works of great merit, showing a very intimate acquaintance with philosophy and with history. M. de Rémusat was somewhat shy; he had never published these dramatic essays himself; he had not published the 'Memoirs' of his mother, who had been lady-in-waiting to the Empress Josephine. He sometimes read extracts from them to his most intimate friends, but he thought that the time for their publication had not yet arrived. His son, however, gave long extracts of the 'Memoirs' to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and now the first volume of this important work has just made its appearance.

From what we read in the preface it seems that M. de Rémusat the elder had once wished to publish the 'Memoirs' after the Revolution of 1848, but that the return of the Empire seemed to him an insurmountable obstacle: "The book," he says, "would have been considered either as flattery addressed to the son of Queen Hortense, who is much *ménagé* in it, or, on other points, as a direct attack on the dynasty."

Let me first say a word of the author of the 'Memoirs.' Madame de Rémusat was the daughter of a M. de Vergennes (related to the famous Vergennes, who belonged to a younger branch of the family), and who, though favorable at first to the ideas of the Revolution, died on the scaffold, in 1794, three days before the fall of Robespierre. His wife was left with two daughters, and one of them, Claire, married M. de Rémusat, who belonged to a parliamentary family of Aix. They lived at Saint-Gratien (near Paris), in the neighborhood of Sannois, a place which has been made famous by the 'Confessions' of Jean Jacques Rousseau and the 'Memoirs of Madame d'Épinay.' Madame d'Houdetot herself lived quietly at Sannois during the Revolution with M. d'Houdetot and with Saint-Lambert. Madame de Vergennes was poor, as the fortune of her husband had been confiscated. M. de Rémusat, her son-in-law, was obliged to try to obtain an office, and by the influence of M. de Talleyrand he got a little place in the direction of the *Contestateur* (the department where all matters of litigation are treated) of the Foreign Office. At Saint-Gratien Madame de Vergennes made the acquaintance of Madame de Beauharnais, and it was through her influence that in 1802 M. de Rémusat, who was only a clerk in the Foreign Office, was named *prefet du palais*, and that shortly afterwards his wife was named *dame pour accompagner* Madame Bonaparte—a title which was afterwards exchanged for *dame du palais*.

M. Paul de Rémusat, who publishes the 'Memoirs,' takes great pains to prove that, in accepting these functions in the household of the man who was the avowed chief of the Revolution, his grandfather and grandmother did nothing wrong. "Their royalism," says he, "was merely veneration full of pity for King Louis XVI." They shared in the universal admiration for the young hero who had obtained so many victories for France, and who had re-established order and put an end to the bloody rule of the Terrorists. M. de Rémusat, the father, took the trouble to write to Sainte-Beuve a letter, which is now published, in order to explain, if not to excuse, the conduct of his parents:

"It was not from necessity, or weakness, or the effect of a temporary temptation that my parents attached themselves to the new régime. They freely and confidently thought that they could unite their fortune with its fortune. If you add to this all the gratifications of an easy worldly position which took them out of a state of poverty and of obscurity, the curiosity, the amusement of this new sort of a court, and, in the end, the incomparable interest of the spectacle of a man like the Emperor, still young and amiable, you will easily understand the attraction which led my parents to forget the slight conformity with their tastes, their reason, and even their true interest, which this situation really had. At the end of two or three years they found out that a court is always a court, and that all is not pleasure in the service of an absolute master, even when he pleases and fascinates. However, they were for some time satisfied with their fate. My mother, especially, was extremely amused by what she saw. Her relations with the Empress were agreeable, as she was very graceful, and she *exalted* herself (*elle s'exaltait*) to the Emperor, who always treated her with great consideration. She was almost the only woman with whom he conversed. My mother said sometimes, at the end of the Empire: 'Va, je t'ai trop aimé pour ne point te haïr.'"

This sentiment is very visible in the portrait of Napoleon which opens the volume. There is in this long and minute delineation of Napoleon a curious application of the "odi et amo" of Catullus. This portrait is of extraordinary interest, and it adds something to our knowledge of Napoleon's character. It is certainly interesting to know that he was naturally sad and dreamy; that he was fond of ghost-stories and liked melancholy music; that he preferred the music of Paesello, "because it is monotonous, and repeated impressions are the only impressions which become masters of us." He was always analyzing his own emotions and

the emotions of others. His manners were not good. "It seemed," says Madame de Rémusat, "as if he had been irrevocably born to live under a tent; . . . he does not know how to enter a room or how to leave it. His gestures are abrupt, like his way of speaking. In his mouth Italian lost all its grace. Whatever language he spoke, it always seemed unfamiliar to him." His choice of books was limited. When he married the Archduchess Marie Louise he presented her with 'Les Contemporaines' (a novel by Rétif de la Bretonne), so that "she might form an idea of the feelings and usages of society."

Napoleon despised women. He did not often speak to them, and always did so with some embarrassment. To be sure, the women he knew under the Directory could not give him a high opinion of their sex. The old society was gone, and he only met the wives of contractors and of Terrorists. "He would have willingly advised that, in a well-organized society, we should be killed, as some insects die, as soon as we had accomplished the work of maternity." He had, however, had some affection for his first wife. He saw in her the instrument of his fortune. She made him general through her influence over Barras. She was of a good family, and he was proud of her. "Though he preferred her," continues Madame de Rémusat, "I have seen him in love three or four times; and it was then that he gave the measure of his despotic character. How angry the least obstacle made him! How rudely he treated the jealous uneasiness of his wife! 'You must,' said he to her, 'submit to all my caprices, and find it quite natural that I should give myself such distractions. . . . I am apart from all the world, and I accept nobody's conditions.'"

I am somewhat embarrassed in relating the details of the life of Napoleon and his first wife. Madame de Rémusat was only twenty-two years old when she was appointed lady-in-waiting to Madame Bonaparte, and she became the witness of very singular incidents. The Consul dined alone with his wife at Saint Cloud usually. Twice a week he had some guests, and once a month he gave a great banquet to a hundred persons in Paris in the Diana Gallery in the Tuileries. At these banquets he wished the guests to be dressed with much splendor. Madame Bonaparte was very jealous. She could have no children, and she was always trembling for her future. The family of the Consul detested her, as well as all the Beauharnais, who belonged to the old régime. "Sometimes I found Madame Bonaparte in tears," says Madame de Rémusat; "and then she began bitter complaints against her brothers-in-law, against Madame Murat, and Murat himself, who tried to excite in the Consul momentary caprices and who favored his secret intrigues. I perceived very soon that if Bonaparte loved his wife it was because her ordinary sweetness gave him some repose, and that she would lose her empire by her agitations."

One of the beauties who attracted for a brief season the attention of Bonaparte was the actress Mademoiselle Georges, who played in tragedy.

"Madame Bonaparte learned by the valets, who had become spies, that Mademoiselle Georges had been several times secretly introduced into a little apartment of the château. This discovery threw her into great disquietude, which she shared with me, and began to weep more than this passing affair required, in my opinion. . . . Her discontent led me to think that there was some exaggeration in the bitterness of her complaints. If she was to be believed, 'he had no moral principle, he concealed his vicious propensities because it was for his interest to do so, but by and by the world would see him abandoning himself to the most shameful passions. Had he not seduced his sisters one after the other? Did he not believe that he was so placed in the world that he could satisfy all his fantasies?' She was always afraid of a divorce. Bonaparte wanted an heir. 'But, Madame,' said I, 'it seems to me that the child of Madame your daughter repairs this misfortune; the First Consul loves her, and finally will adopt this child.' 'Alas!' said she, 'it is my wish; but the jealous character of Louis Bonaparte will always be an obstacle. His family have told him the outrageous lies which have been spread about on the subject of my daughter's conduct and the birth of this child. Calumny attributes this child to Bonaparte—that is enough; Louis will never consent to an arrangement with him.'"

Madame de Rémusat informs us that as soon as Bonaparte was occupied with another woman he became very harsh to his own wife. He cruelly informed her of it, and "he showed an almost savage surprise when she did not approve these distractions, which he demonstrated to her almost mathematically were allowable and necessary. 'I am not like another man,' said he, 'and the laws of morals or of conventionality are not made for me.' As soon as his caprice was gone he became again good, almost tender, to his wife."

"Bonaparte had still," writes Madame de Rémusat, "the habit of remaining every night with his wife; she had cleverly persuaded him that his personal security was interested in this intimacy. . . . Every night she only left us when she was advised that Bonaparte was in bed. But when he took this fancy for Mademoiselle Georges he sent

for her very late. . . . One evening Madame Bonaparte, more anxious than usual, had kept me with her, and spoke to me of her troubles. It was one o'clock in the morning. We were alone in her drawing-room; the Tuileries were silent. Suddenly she starts. 'I cannot bear this,' said she. 'I am sure Mademoiselle Georges is up-stairs; I must go and see.' I did all I could to stop this resolution. 'Follow me,' said she. . . . There we were, walking silently, Madame Bonaparte first, very excited, and myself behind her, ascending slowly the small staircase which led to Bonaparte's room. A slight noise was heard; Madame Bonaparte exclaimed: 'It is perhaps Rastan, the Mameluke, who guards the door. This man will perhaps kill us both.' I was seized with a ridiculous fear, and, without thinking that I left Madame Bonaparte in utter darkness, I went down again with the candle and returned rapidly to the drawing-room. She followed me a few minutes afterwards; when she saw me she began to laugh, and so did I, and we abandoned her entireprise."

It is almost necessary to apologize in translating such stories; but I suppose that I can say as much as this young *dame d'honneur* of twenty-two. Besides, such stories are very characteristic; they throw a great light upon Bonaparte and his family. Poor Josephine has remained very popular in France notwithstanding her just jealousy; among the people it is believed that she was the good influence, that Bonaparte was happy as long as he kept her, and that fortune abandoned him when he abandoned her.

THE SITUATION IN AFGHANISTAN.

LONDON, Oct. 29, 1879.

GENERAL ROBERTS has effected an advance upon Kabul at an earlier date than I anticipated when I wrote to you a month or six weeks ago. This advance was accomplished by means of a very desperate device on the part of the Indian Government. My estimate of the time that would have to elapse before a force sufficient to march to Kabul was collected in the Kurram Valley was based upon the difficulty of collecting baggage animals. At the time when Major Cavagnari and his companions were murdered the camels with the Kurram Valley force were dying at the rate of three hundred and fifty a week, and it seemed to me impossible, in the drained condition of the Punjab, to make good this appalling waste. The impossibility of doing so very speedily became apparent to the Indian Government also. But there were many hundred camels in the desert between the Indus and the Bolan Pass which conveyed supplies and linked the troops at Kandahar with their base at Sukkur. Despairing of any other way of obtaining the requisite transport, the Government of India transferred all these camels from General Stewart to General Roberts. This transfer renders it impossible to despatch reinforcements to Kandahar if there should be a rising in that part of Afghanistan, but it enabled General Roberts to march to Kabul. The advance, as it turned out, was brilliantly successful; but the peril was great. General Roberts (I calculate) had not more than five thousand men with him, and his carriage was so scanty that in the advance upon Kabul the troops had no food with them except what they carried in their haversacks. Had the Afghans been sufficiently united and determined to have held the heights in the rear of Kabul for two or three days, want of food would have obliged General Roberts to retire. For the moment, however, he is secure in Kabul, and the difficulty now is to know what we are to do next.

The Ministry are steadily pursuing their foolish and dishonest policy of withholding the true state of things from the nation. Newspaper correspondents were not allowed to accompany General Roberts's march, and no particle of information appears in the London journals regarding Afghanistan which has not passed through official channels. This information is simply worthless, except to those who, having been in Afghanistan, can read between the lines; and much which was authoritatively stated from Simlah has already been falsified. There is a purpose in the continuous stream of prevarication which flows from the seat of the Government in India. It is to minimize as far as possible the extent and intensity of the hostility aroused against us in Afghanistan. But the endeavor to suppress the actual facts becomes, with every succeeding day, increasingly difficult. The tribes that swarm in the Kurram Valley are all up against us. The troops on the summit of the Shutar-Gardan have been withdrawn to Kabul, their position there being no longer tenable. They were beleaguered by swarms of hostile Afghans, who actually at one time obtained possession of their water, and were so confident of destroying the entire detachment that they sent a message to the officer in command, offering to spare their lives if they would lay down their arms. The timely arrival of a force from Kabul caused the besieging tribes to disperse. But the whole country between the Shutar-Gardan and British territory is in a state of insurrection, and the English detachments in

the Kurram Valley are to be withdrawn close to our own frontier. Consequently, that part of the "scientific frontier" which consisted in the right to garrison the Kurram Valley we have already virtually abandoned. The prudence of this conduct no one can question; the road across the Shutar-Gardan is already closed by the approach of winter, and our troops, if retained in the Kurram Valley, would be merely a bait for the hill tribes to practise their rifles upon. But could a more striking proof be given of the fraud practised upon the nation in the matter of the "scientific frontier"?

General Roberts's communications with India now lie *via* Jalalabad and Khybar. At present these communications do not exist. A few hundred men have, it is true, occupied Jalalabad, but the want of carriage has prevented the advance of a large force through the Khybar. The road between Kabul and Jalalabad passes through the passes of Jugdulluck and the Khoord Kabul, in which General Elphinstone's force perished in 1841; and these are now said to be occupied in force by many thousand Ghilzais, as well as several of the regiments which opposed General Roberts's march upon Kabul. I do not, however, anticipate much difficulty in clearing these passes of Afghans. Our difficulties will commence later on when these passes are choked with snow, and convoys of supplies have to be conveyed through them for the use of the garrison at Kabul. This will be a duty of the most harassing description, in the execution of which both soldiers and camp-followers will suffer heavily. Meanwhile, to restore the lost communications of the Kandahar force, a light railway is being constructed across the desert as far as Dadur, and beyond that a tramway is to pass through the Bolan Pass to Quetta. This work is to be executed under the direct superintendence of Sir Richard Temple, the Governor of Bombay. He may be reckoned upon, with perfect certainty, to spend an immense quantity of money and to do the work as badly as it can be done. Sir Richard is the greatest master of the science of "eye-wash" that India has ever seen. No genuine work has ever been extracted from him, but of profitless energy the man has a superabundance, and what he will do on the present occasion will be something of this kind: He will ride, periodically, upon relays of horses between Sukkur and Dadur in very brief spaces of time; he will construct a *brummingem* railway, when the first week of rain will render unserviceable; he will write a long report, and not improbably be made a peer. But not more than this is to be expected of him.

So much for the military situation. A disaster such as happened to us when last we occupied Kabul can hardly happen again, because that was occasioned by the almost incredible imbecility of the men in chief command. But we have before us a costly and harassing winter campaign, in which the endurance of the soldiers will be sorely tried, and the mortality in the native regiments and camp-followers cannot fail to be very great. But when we turn to the political aspect of affairs the outlook is dark indeed. There is, to be sure, one line of policy which would extricate us from our embarrassments with comparative ease, but there is not the least chance that it will be adopted. The abdication of Yakub Khan might become so far an advantage to us that it effaces the last vestige of the ridiculous treaty of Gundamuck. It leaves the Government at liberty to reconsider their policy *ab initio* in the light of present experiences. They might take advantage of this to summon Abdul-Rahman Khan from Bokhara, invest him with the dignity of amir, and withdraw from the country with all convenient speed. Abdul-Rahman Khan is the son of an elder brother of the late Amir Shir Ali, and a man of military ability and force of character. In the wars which followed the death of Dost Mohammed he bore a conspicuous part, defeated Shir Ali in a pitched battle, and for some time exercised the authority of amir in Kabul. He has a large following among the Afghans, and, if assisted by a subsidy from the English Government, would probably have a better chance of re-establishing order than any other chief. But there is no chance of this course being adopted. We shall remain in Afghanistan in order (according to the official phrase) to "reorganize the government." What we shall actually effect is to prolong the disorder. We are ourselves the cause of the anarchy prevailing in Afghanistan, and until that cause is removed the anarchy will continue. There are two reasons which render it impossible that we should restore order: we have neither officials to whom to give orders, nor the troops which would be necessary to get our orders obeyed. Our mandates in Afghanistan will be obeyed within the range of our Martini-Henry rifles, and not an inch further. Beyond that range each tribal chief will do what seemeth right in his own eyes.

All this time in India the horizon is heavily overcast. The joy of the North Indian Mohammedans over the catastrophe at Kabul was too great

to be concealed. It was openly expressed everywhere, and a very small cause would suffice to induce them to make common cause with their co-religionists beyond the frontier. This cause will shortly be supplied. The Government of India are already busy devising new taxes to meet the expenses of the war, and it is expected that these will take the form of a duty on one or more of the necessities of life to an Indian—such, for example, as tobacco and sugar. It is the only way in which fresh revenue can be raised; but I know also, on authority of the highest kind, that any such tax is expected to be followed by insurrection. Already that mysterious rite is being performed in India which preceded the outbreak of the great mutiny in 1857: I mean the passing from village to village, through vast tracts of country, of a "chupattie"—a kind of cake made of flour and water. It is a warning sent to the people to be alert and ready for some great event about to happen. The agitation, moreover, both in India and Afghanistan, will be largely fomented by the large bodies of troops which Russia will set in motion next spring in Central Asia, in order to avenge the serious defeat she has sustained at Geok-Tepe at the hands of the Tekke-Turcomans. There can be no question that she will make a great effort to subjugate entirely these marauders, and probably to occupy Merv. Should she succeed in this a cry will be sent up by our own Russophobists that all is lost unless we hasten to occupy Herat; and if we attempt that the beginning of the end will have come. With a half-subdued Afghanistan on our hands, we shall be confronted by mutiny in our native army and rebellion in India.

Correspondence.

MORAL OF THE VIRGINIA ELECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a reader of your paper for some time, and have been impressed by its calm and liberal views. Although differing from you on some important points of political opinion, I have thought that perhaps a few reflections upon the recent remarkable election in Virginia may not be deemed too unimportant to occupy a portion of your space.

The result of the election has been contrary to the expectation of the Debt-paying (or, as you call them, the "anti-repudiationist") party on the one side, and has exceeded the most sanguine hopes of the Readjusting party on the other. It is far more important than either side believed it a few months ago. A question of local interest has brought about a state of affairs which may change the entire current of politics in Virginia and become of national moment. Its effects may be summarized about as follows: The color-line is broken, and the negro as a class is henceforth a subordinate factor in Virginia politics. Secondly, by the loss of the class which has heretofore been its principal support, the Republican party has, after an outing of a decade, sprung, as if by magic, from utter insignificance into a position from which, provided it possesses the requisite virtue and prudence, it can control the State. And, lastly, Virginia may become once more a power in national politics.

The "true inwardness" of this contest in Virginia has not been what the outside world believed it to be. It has not been merely the question of the payment of the State debt, and the result should not be accepted in its *prima-facie* aspect. Whilst the repeal of the bill known as the McCulloch Bill, passed by the last Legislature to refund the State debt at a diminished rate of interest, has been the ostensible issue, and whilst the "Debt-paying" wing of the party, composed of the real taxpayers of the State, has honestly been striving to carry out the provisions of the act and prevent further agitation of the question, the other wing has really been fighting to obtain control of the State Government and secure the United States Senatorship, having possibly at the same time an eye to the management of one of the great railway lines of the State. The repeal of the new Funding Bill has been used by this party merely as a means to this end. Although an earnest supporter of the McCulloch settlement, I am constrained to admit that I do not consider it in danger from the successful party. Having used it before the people, and by its pretended terrors secured the almost solid negro vote, other objects now engross their attention. Even should they be able to retain the co-operation of the Republican Readjusters, they would have a bare majority in the General Assembly, and the Governor would veto any bill they might pass disturbing the settlement; and before they could go again to the country the bonds will probably all be funded and safe within the protection of the Court of Appeals. This the Readjusters understand, so that, although they may agitate the question this winter and force a veto to use

as capital before the people at the next election, any panic about the repudiation of the debt is groundless.

The election, therefore, has not affected the status of the debt; but it has produced other grave results. It has destroyed the color-line and killed the Conservative party. I do not mean that the great principle of the Conservative party—devotion to Virginia and her old traditions—is dead, for the new party which will arise will probably inherit, or rather take, that with it; but the Conservative party, as it has existed for ten years past, is probably defunct. Having some virtues and not a few sins to its account, broken at last by dissensions within itself, it has literally gone to pieces, and its fragments drift helplessly at the disposal of any salvager who has the sagacity to save and use them. Its history is a curious one. Born more than ten years ago of the necessities of the time, bold, defiant, intolerant, chivalrous in its aims, unscrupulous in its methods, it claimed the virtue of the cavalier and employed the arts of the Jesuit. Cut off by the Federal Government from any share in the national patronage, it compensated itself by monopolizing the spoils of the State offices. Without fear of opposition success has naturally grown into excess, and at length the party has split into two factions, each striving for the supremacy. After a bitter contest between them, in which, like rival prelates of old, each, claiming to be the only true, lawful, and apostolic party, has excommunicated the other with all the solemnities of bell, book, and candle, the event has found them too far apart ever to unite again, and each is too weak to enjoy the fruits. In this condition either wing is willing to offer terms to the Republican party, and there is no reason why a coalition may not honorably take place. The causes which necessitated the organization of the Conservative party two years ago no longer operate. The carpet-bagger has disappeared or become assimilated; the color-line demarcating the Republican party is obliterated. One of the demonstrated facts of this election is that, no matter which side the majority of the respectable whites espouse, the majority of the negroes will take the opposite; and in this very contest they arrayed themselves against the whites, notwithstanding the efforts of the leading Republicans of the State, backed by the Government in Washington, to fling them on the side of the maintenance of the public faith. It is apparent that the Government has lost its hold on them, for the present certainly, and this is the best thing that could have befallen the Republican party. With a respectable proportion of the best white citizens of the State ready to enter into terms with it, the Government can afford to let the negro go, whilst, on the other hand, the whites are willing to appease the ultra radicals at the North by making such substantial concessions to the negro as admitting him into the jury-box and repealing the capitation-tax amendment.

With reasonable skill and temperance the Republican party can, by waiving technicalities of nomenclature, secure the best people of Virginia, possibly even get a Republican Senator this winter, and perhaps obtain her eleven electoral votes in 1880. By altering the insane tone of the press, instilling a moderate amount of humanity into the Stalwart orators at the North, and treating us at the South at least as fellow-beings, it may make her Republican in fact if not in name. If it does this the "Solid South" is broken for ever, and with the Solid South goes the Solid North. The Republican party will control the country; but the opposing party will be strong enough to compel it to be virtuous and liberal, and the result will be an era of prosperity and progress unprecedented in the annals of the Union.

VIRGINIUS.

RICHMOND, VA., Nov. 10, 1879.

THE NATION, THE SOUTH, AND THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a subscriber to your paper for a good many years. Perhaps no better proof could be given that it was to me generally satisfactory. But of late there has been, in my opinion, such a fall from grace that I may be driven to the extreme measure of stopping my subscription. Before dealing so severe a blow, however, it may be well to give the particulars of my complaint.

The general course of your editorials satisfies me that you, like myself, are far from being a thorough admirer of either of our great political parties. You will probably agree with me that popular ignorance is an important factor in our politics, and perhaps also agree with me that it operates mainly in favor of the Democratic party. The Irish day-laborer is inevitably and invariably a Democrat under all circumstances, and whatever question may be at issue. His name is legion, and his ignorance is Egyptian darkness. According to my observation, the optimists

who call themselves philosophical politicians habitually leave this element—viz., of popular ignorance—entirely out of view. They close their eyes to it, and obstinately refuse to see it, or to acknowledge its existence. Yet of all the elements that enter into our politics it is the most permanent and invariable. It is the element which gives permanence and stability to the Democratic party, and makes it substantially certain that while the Federal party, the Whig party, and the American party—indeed, all other parties—must successively disappear and become things of the past, the Democratic party will always be “on hand.” Not only so, but wherever there is a large accumulation of popular ignorance; wherever the darkness is the thickest; wherever the dangerous classes are the strongest, the Democratic majority is the strongest and the most obstinate.

The practical result of all this is that Democracy means Tweed and Judge Barnard. It means Jim Fisk and Judge Cardozo. Without claiming any superhuman virtue for Massachusetts, and acknowledging that Ben Butler is the growth of our soil, I still claim that she has not yet produced any monstrosities to rival those just named. The corrupt judge is a thing unknown among us, and though our thieves may have plundered the public enemy they have not yet been detected in stealing from our own treasury. When this State becomes Democratic we may perhaps take a new departure.

Far be it from me to deny that the Democratic party has had its statesmen and its great men. Perhaps it has such now, though who they are may be somewhat uncertain. It is undoubtedly true that the people of this country, without distinction of party, desire that the government of its affairs should be honestly and faithfully administered. In the absence of any clearly-marked issue at the present time between the two parties, the question of civil-service reform has become peculiarly prominent. Is it possible that you can delude yourself with the chimera that any such reform can have one moment's consideration from the Democratic party? Why should you indulge yourself so perseveringly in sneering at the Cabinet and the Administration for the reason that, in the midst of enormous disadvantages and impediments, it has not yet cured evils that have grown nearly inveterate, and has not yet done all that was hoped for in the proposed reform? It has at least made a beginning and accomplished something to put down the patronage so long usurped by members of Congress. It is the only party that even promises such a reform. We all know that if the Democratic ascendancy is restored all prospect and possibility of such a reform is buried deeper than plummet ever sounded.

You have a right to turn Democrat if you choose, but what right have you to misrepresent the moral which the other side undertakes to draw from the Southern atrocities? We at the North have no right to object if our Southern neighbors have a taste for murdering one another, and if Southern juries can see nothing criminal or improper in such amusements. The lawlessness and barbarism of the South are nothing new. But while you are sneering at the “bloody shirt,” and speaking contemptuously of “second-hand” murders in Mississippi, you miss the point of the argument. We care “precious little” if one ruffian shoots another in Georgia or South Carolina; but honest voting, and honest counting of votes, are an entirely different matter. We hear much of the “solid South” about this time, and if that unanimity is fairly and honestly produced nobody can complain of it. But unanimity produced by force and violence; the suppression of minorities by intolerance and by threats; the discouragement of opposition by shooting its candidates, all this we object to. I regret that in this objection you do not seem to concur.

Respectfully your servant,

J.

Boston, Nov. 10, 1879.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the past decade of reconstruction, carpet-bag and negro rule, rapine and stealing, Federal armed interference and oppression, and steady ruin of the Southern States your ably-edited paper has justly been regarded by our at times almost hopeless people as one of the few conservative, liberal, independent journals published in the North; and during those dark days many of us became subscribers, or at least regular readers of it, recognizing in it an evidence that sectional hatred had not entirely poisoned the journalistic mind of the whole North and swept away every vestige of justice towards a brave people. But a radical change came over your paper about a twelvemonth since—a complete somersault was executed by it; and we find it during this period vying with the extreme Stalwart organs of East and West—viz., the *New York Times* and *Tribune*, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the *Chicago Times* and *Inter-*

Ocean, and Col. Harper's *Okolona Southern States*—in its wholesale vituperation and abuse of the South and Southern people, differing only in its more dignified style and language, but thereby carrying more weight with its deliberate, unjust, and untruthful aspersions of the entire people of the Southern States—notably in your weekly articles on the Chisholm and Dixon affairs, in which you, without a knowledge of the characters of the parties or the attendant circumstances, unhesitatingly branded the people of entire counties and a whole State as murderers and outlaws. Twice I marked articles of this nature with the intention of returning the paper, accompanied by a request for its discontinuance; but your foreign correspondence is always of interest and your literary criticisms able and instructive, and hence we still *tolerate* in our household the *Nation*.

This is plain, hard language, but I am a Southern man and feel keenly the injustice when it comes from a source which professes to be *independent* and *conservative*.

I am pleased to note a marked change in the tone of your every article on Southern subjects in your issue of Oct. 30. Until the *Nation* ceases to follow the lead of Stalwart organs, and treats Southern questions with fair-minded justice, it cannot expect increased circulation in our midst.

Respectfully,

SUBSCRIBER.

NATCHEZ, MISS., Nov. 5, 1879.

[The phenomenon which “J.” calls our “fall from grace” is apparently the same which “Subscriber” calls a “radical change” and “complete somersault.” The accounts which these two observers, one witnessing it in Natchez, Miss., and the other in Boston, give of it differ so widely, however, that we feel that it is too obscure in its nature and origin for us to hope to throw any light upon it. That something remarkable has happened to us within a twelvemonth seems clear from the testimony of these two highly respectable witnesses watching us at points fifteen hundred miles apart; but whether it was our joining the “extremest Stalwarts,” or allying ourselves with the Democrats, is something we are not competent to decide.

We shall, however, say in reply to some of “J.’s” remarks that while we agree with him in thinking the Democratic party essentially the party of ignorance, and likely to remain so (an idea which we have set forth in these columns a hundred times at least), and therefore expect little or nothing from it in the way of reform, we do not agree with him or with many other good Republicans in thinking that for this reason nothing in the way of reform ought to be expected from the Republicans either; and yet this is a doctrine which the Stalwarts are constantly forcing on us. What they say, in substance, is that the Democrats are so bad that all the Republicans can do is to denounce them vigorously and keep the offices for themselves. We, on the other hand, believe that the duties and responsibilities of the Republicans grow in the ratio of their moral and mental superiority to their enemies; that it is not only their duty to live up to their own platforms, but that their best chance of keeping their hold on power lies in appealing to the highest intelligence of the people through good government. They have no right to throw civil-service reform overboard and flinch from honest treatment of the finances, or seek safety from puzzling problems in the arms of “a Strong Man” because the Democrats are so wicked and ignorant; nay, the wickedness and ignorance of the Democrats make it unwise, from the party point of view, to do so. For instance, no good that such a person as Silas B. Dutcher could possibly do by half a dozen stump-speeches can make up for the scandal and disappointment and damage to the cause of reform worked by the abandonment of its own principles, when the Administration allowed him to leave his official duties to become a roving campaign orator. The badness of the Democrats does not excuse this—it aggravates it.

As to “murders,” they are proper party ammunition when it is proposed to adopt some measure of legislation or administration with a view to their prevention—as, for instance, Irish murders might be in the British Parliament, or Sicilian or Neapolitan murders in the Italian Parliament. Murders might, in fact, if too numerous or difficult of detection for the existing judicial machinery, properly become, in such cases, a party question on which power

might rightly be lost or won. Murders, too, may properly be used to discredit a party which fails to punish them, as in the present case here: but when no party action with regard to them is proposed, mere denunciation of them cannot be allowed to be made the sole work of the party, and a sufficient substitute for attention to all the interests with which the party is called on to deal directly by legislation. The use of them for this purpose is odious and ridiculous, and may be wicked and brutal. The last canvass in this State was conducted by the Republicans solely on two murders at the South, which they did not pretend to have or have had the power to punish, and the connection of which with politics was very slight, if such connection existed at all, while everything for which the party is really responsible was kept studiously out of sight. To "J.'s" insinuation that we have no objection, or have concealed our objection, to the production of unanimity at the South by violence and intimidation, we can only reply that in making it he is guilty either of careless reading of our columns, which we do not think a grave offence, or of gross misrepresentation of what he has read, which is a very grave offence.—ED. NATION.]

SILVER AND THE SILVER CONFERENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Since my return from Europe I have been made acquainted with the satirical reflections of my friend Mr. Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, on a short note which I addressed to the *Nation* from Wiesbaden on the 10th of July last. In that note I stated my conviction that there had been no change of public sentiment in England or France to warrant the expectation of their entering a new international silver conference. A few days later the Kelley Bismarck interview was published, whereupon Mr. Halstead aimed sundry arrows in my direction, which of course went wide of the mark, as I had not committed myself to any opinion whatever respecting the attitude of Germany.

It would not be justifiable to return to so old a controversy for its own sake, but, as the subject is still fresh and is likely to come before Congress soon, I will add a few words to what has gone before. The Kelley-Bismarck interview may have been important to Mr. Kelley and Mr. Halstead. I do not think it was important to anybody else. I visited Berlin some weeks after the interview was published, and I noticed a degree of sluggishness and indifference to silver in the public councils of the Empire truly amazing when compared with the glowing periods of Mr. Kelley and the sparkling witticisms of Mr. Halstead. It is well known that a special commissioner of the United States, of the highest character and attainments, visited Berlin in the month of September in the interest of the proposed international monetary conference. If the adhesion of Germany to the conference had been obtained, doubtless Mr. Kelley and Mr. Halstead would have heard of it before this time. Such adhesion may, perhaps, be secured at some future time, but for the present I think that the *London Economist* is very near the truth when it says (October 18) that, "although they [the Germans] are not likely to retrace their steps"—i.e., to adopt a double or alternative standard—"they are willing to make a much larger use of silver in their currency than was at first contemplated." It is plain to any traveller in Germany that there is a scarcity of silver subsidiary coinage, the five-mark banknote being still in circulation everywhere, although much tattered and begrimed, and although long ago called in for redemption. These dilapidated bits of paper would not circulate if there were a sufficiency of silver; and, in fact, I heard frequent complaints at hotels, railway stations, and theatres of a lack of small change. To fill up this gap will probably be the first endeavor of the German Government. Whether they will go any further is at least doubtful, Mr. Kelley and Mr. Halstead to the contrary notwithstanding. Frankfurt bankers with whom I conversed said roundly that a return to the silver or silver-and-gold standard was impossible.

At all events one thing is certain: neither England nor France nor Germany has yet signified its assent to a new conference. Congress must this winter take notice of that fact. If the silver-men believe that further efforts to bring those countries in are likely to be crowned with success, it is obviously their wisest course to stop temporarily the coinage of silver dollars, in order to put as much pressure as possible upon them, and especially upon England. The price of silver is now advancing, and the more it advances the less interest is England or any other country (even our own) likely to feel in artificial measures to "restore its value."

Our coinage of two millions per month not only imposes a useless burden on the mints and the Treasury, but it relieves to that extent the pressure upon the foreign silver market, the Indian exchanges, the German treasury, etc.

If, on the other hand, there is no probability of a new international conference, then certainly we ought not to coin any more silver dollars until a use is found for those we now have. The Director of the Mint, himself one of the hot advocates of the Silver Bill in Congress, says in his current annual report that "if European nations continue to decline overtures for an international agreement in regard to the coinage of silver, the expediency of opening our mints to the free coinage of their present stock of silver, and inviting its speedy demonetization or export here, is questionable." Rather! He goes on to show that whatever may be the situation and needs of other countries, there is no doubt that the United States can obtain enough gold for all their purposes. In other words, England, France, and Germany may be so distressed as to require the remonetization of silver, but the United States are able to help themselves to the world's stock of gold with the utmost freedom, so that "the commercial disaster and depression threatened or feared as the result of restricting the commercial world to one metal are more likely to fall upon the nations that initiated and are responsible for the movement." This is perfectly true, and it might be called "taking a high position." For my own part I think we have been soliciting foreign attention long enough—that, for a country which admittedly has nothing to fear from a short supply of gold, we might be in more dignified business than dancing attendance year after year on the finance ministers of Europe. The exclamation of another Ohio sage, "What have we to do with abroad?" has now some pertinence.

We have now coined forty-five millions of silver dollars, all but a fraction of which remain an inert mass in the Treasury, and the people are taxed two millions per month to add to the stock. The question is asked how long this process can go on without causing disaster—that is, without bringing us to the silver standard. I answer that it can go on as long as the people are willing to pay the two millions per month and provide vaults to hold the resulting silver dollars. When they get tired of the game it will probably be stopped, and then there will be a dispute as to what shall be done with the accumulated stock. If it shall then be decided to sell it off, as is not unlikely, I trust that Mr. Halstead will step up like a man and pay his share of the loss, proportioned to his share of the responsibility for incurring it.

HORACE WHITE.

NEW YORK, November 17, 1879.

MR. BERGH AS A COMMENTATOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In my previous enquiries into the curious change of front sometimes shown by quotations in the hands of Mr. Bergh our attention was occupied by the cases of Colin and Carpenter.* Both these gentlemen are foreigners, one of them being a Frenchman, the other an Englishman. But there is another eminent physiologist, who, though French by birth, has spent so much time in this country that he is not only widely known to us by reputation, but is personally familiar to many in the United States. This is Dr. C. E. Brown-Séquard, at present occupying the Chair of Medicine in the College of France as the successor of Claude Bernard. Dr. Brown-Séquard's studies have been mainly devoted to the nervous system, and he has sought, with great skill and untiring industry, to unravel its secrets by the experimental method.

It is unnecessary to say that experimental investigations in the nervous system require the greatest care in their performance and application. The structure of the parts is so complicated, and the possibility of their sympathetic reaction so constant, that every precaution is necessary to avoid uncertainty or failure. Nevertheless, success in this department, though difficult, is not impossible; and, with everything that still remains in doubt, a certain number of important facts with regard to the nervous functions have been established to the satisfaction of all. Dr. Brown-Séquard has won his reputation, in great measure, by investigations on the spinal cord—a part which is at once of fundamental importance in the nervous system, and also less complex in structure than the brain and its appendages.

According to Mr. Bergh, Brown-Séquard has an exceedingly low opinion of experiments on the spinal cord; and he quotes him, in the *New York Tribune* of September 26, 1874, as expressing this opinion in very plain terms. The passage is as follows:

* The *Nation*, October 16 and November 6.

"Even Dr. Brown-Séguard himself, the very prince of experimenters, says: 'I must say that it is impossible to know, while we make a section of parts of a spinal cord, what is the precise depth of the injury; it is mere guesswork.'"

Evidently, then, there can be no use in making the section. As the whole object of such an experiment is to learn what nervous endowments belong to a particular part, if we do not know what part has been reached by the section we can get from it no useful information. But why did Brown-Séguard go on making such experiments when he knew that it was impossible to learn anything from them? Perhaps he can tell us.

The above quotation is from Dr. Brown-Séguard's 'Lectures on the Physiology and Pathology of the Central Nervous System' (Philadelphia: 1860). It is to be found on page 42 in a foot-note. Mr. Bergh gives the quotation correctly, so far as it goes. The trouble is, he does not give the whole of it. The entire passage is as follows:

"I must say that it is absolutely impossible to know, *while* we make a section of parts of the spinal cord, what is the precise depth of the injury; it is mere guesswork. But if we study well the phenomena, and then, after having killed the animal, if we put the spinal cord in alcohol, we render it hard, and we can ascertain exactly what is the extent of the incision. This is the means that I always employ in my experiments, and it is also the means employed by the committee appointed by the Société de Biologie in 1855, for the investigation of my researches on the spinal cord."

So it appears that Dr. Brown-Séguard has no doubt about the exact spot reached by his incision in the spinal cord; and no one who has the opportunity of reading his original passage can have any doubt about it either. Would it be too much to say that the audacity of curtailing his language to give it an opposite sense has something about it almost ludicrous?

I will touch upon an additional instance of this sort, more on account of the great name involved in it than because it is very different from the rest. In the New York *Herald* of September 30, 1879, Mr. Bergh denies that Harvey was the first discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and maintains that it is only a popular error to think so. But in any event, he assures us, it was not by the aid of vivisection that Harvey accomplished what he did; and, to make the matter sure, he quotes the great author himself. Mr. Bergh says:

"While correcting this idea of Harvey's discovery, my principal purpose is to show that it was not to vivisection that he owes his fame, for nowhere, so far as I can learn, does he assert that he discovered the circulation by vivisection. On the contrary, he tells us: 'When I first gave my mind to vivisections as a means of discovering the motions and uses of the heart, and sought to discover these from actual inspection, I found the task truly arduous—so full of difficulties that I was almost tempted to think that the motion of the heart was only to be comprehended by God. My mind was greatly unsettled, nor did I know what I should conclude'; and he adds: 'It was reflection which led to the discovery.'"

Now, if any one can be presumed to know by what means Harvey reached his discoveries, such as they were, it is probably Harvey himself; and if he tells us, as implied above, that vivisections only left his mind "greatly unsettled" on this point, so much the worse for vivisections. But Mr. Bergh stops in his quotation at a very convenient place. If he had continued to the bottom of the page the effect would have been different. The passage is from the 'Works of William Harvey, M.D.' (Sydenham edition, London, 1847), at the commencement of chapter i., page 19. The succeeding paragraph is as follows:

"At length, and by using greater and daily diligence, having frequent recourse to vivisections, employing a variety of animals for the purpose, and collating numerous observations, I thought that I had attained to the truth, that I should extricate myself and escape from this labyrinth, and that I had discovered, what I so much desired, both the motion and the use of the heart and arteries; since which time I have not hesitated to expose my views upon these subjects not only in private to my friends, but also in public in my anatomical lectures, after the manner of the Academy of old."

There is no such additional remark ("it was reflection which led to the discovery") anywhere in this chapter.

I think we must allow, therefore, that Harvey does attribute his discovery to the results of experiment, notwithstanding Mr. Bergh's difficulty in finding the assertion. J. C. D.

NEW YORK, NOV. 14, 1879.

ARMY RECRUITING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your remarks upon "R.'s" letter in your issue of October 9 you say: "R. overlooks the fact that our army and the English are the only

ones in which the ranks are filled exclusively by volunteers, and therefore by men who, as a class, may be said to have failed, or despaired of success, in civil life." One of the premises from which you reason seems to be wanting. It must be either that there is no hope of success or advancement in the army, or that there is something degrading or dishonorable in military service. You advocate the promotion of deserving men from the ranks to the grade of commissioned officers to correct the present deplorable condition of the rank and file; and if your views were carried out there seems to be no reason why the army should not receive into its ranks as privates "the kind of recruits from which civil institutions, firms, and corporations draw their servants for the lowest grades." But we must first secure deserving men to promote, and grade the non-commissioned rank up to the commissioned by suitable rates of pay, and by attaching to the different grades facilities for self-respect and self-improvement.

By our present system of recruiting, offices are opened in the different large cities, not always in respectable localities, and the officers in charge consider their duties performed by accepting such recruits as present themselves who are physically qualified, and who show no marked symptoms of moral depravity. When the wants of the service have been for the time being supplied, the offices are closed until there is a further demand for recruits. It is evident that such a system would wreck any business corporation that should adopt it; and I think we need look no further for the "something wrong." It ought to be entirely practicable to procure from a nation of forty millions of people a sufficient number of recruits for an army of twenty-five thousand men, of fair intelligence and education and of good moral character, who have not "failed, or despaired of success, in civil life." In my experience I have not found that "the recruits to the army during the last five years have shown a high standard" either in education or morals. I have been captain of a company for seven years; during this time about two hundred men have served in my company. Out of this number but nine have had sufficient education to enable them to perform ordinary clerical duties, and of these nine four were of intemperate habits. More than fifty per cent. of the whole number by actual computation have been either intemperate in their habits or of depraved moral character. I have no reason to suppose that my company is exceptional in any respect, and, as far as my observation of other troops has extended, they have seemed to me to be composed of about the same class of men.

The only chance for improvement is to commence at the bottom and endeavor to fill the ranks with men from whom it may be possible to make promotions without danger of degrading the service.

A LINE OFFICER FROM THE RANKS.

OCTOBER 22, 1879.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY FOR MEXICAN ANTIQUITIES.

[We are permitted to print the following letter addressed to Mr. George H. Moore, Superintendent of the Lenox Library.—ED. NATION.]

DEAR SIR: Before leaving this city I beg to submit to you in writing, as agreed upon, the preliminary results of investigations on the subject of the documents found in your library under the title of 'History of the Mexican Indians' ('Historia de los Indios mexicanos'), by Juan de Tovar (or Tobar). They consist, as you had already stated, of a fragment of the said history, and of two letters, one from the Jesuit father Joseph de Acosta to the Jesuit Juan de Tobar, and the latter's reply thereto. There is the strongest probability that these letters were written between the years 1587 and 1589, whereas the historical fragment itself is of older date, as I shall hereafter relate. I can but repeat here the statements made by me to the Historical Society of New York on the 4th instant.

These documents derive their chief importance from the fact that they demonstrate a class of writers on Mexican topics, hitherto scarcely known except to very few students, to be the most authentic, truthful, and therefore reliable authors on aboriginal Mexican history and ethnology. These authors (whose works are now known to us to exist) are: Juan de Tobar (between 1569 and 1587), Diego Durán (1579 and 1581), Joseph de Acosta (1587 to 1590), and Fernando de Alvarado Tezozomoc (1598). The first two of these four were mestizoes, Acosta was a Spanish Jesuit, and Tezozomoc was an Indian.

These four historians agree most remarkably in their picture of the state of culture, mode of life, and social organization of the Mexican aborigines, as well as in most incidents of their history. On the other hand, they differ on many of the most important points from the other sources known to us since the sixteenth century. Whereas the groups of

historical writers, whose standard-bearers may be looked for in Gomara and Torquemada, paint for us an Indian monarchy based upon feudal tenure and mixed up with Oriental despotism, the four authors above named exhibit to the careful and critical reader the picture of a military democracy with communism in living. If the former treat of a Mexican nation, state, and empire, the latter mention sedentary Indian tribes, speaking dialects, engaged in constant warfare with each other except where (as was the case in the valley of Mexico) a confederacy of tribes was formed for the purpose of preying upon their neighbors. Gomara and Torquemada, however much we must admire them and their labor in gathering material, present to us only *European* versions of Indian stories, whereas the others give us the Indian side of them, and Tezozomoc even tells the tale in Indian "speech." The question as to whether full faith and credit should be given to the latter group of authors or not is therefore one of unusual interest.

Until lately the view of ancient society in Mexico taken by Torquemada and the bulk of writers since the sixteenth century has evidently prevailed. This was due principally to the fact that the sources whence they derived their knowledge were indicated in their works so profusely that we relied upon their authenticity without much critical examination. Many things were "taken for granted," and while it was admitted that the pictorial records of the aborigines, their tales and songs, were the foundations of these historical works, few attempts were made to investigate the true nature of that foundation and its connection with the authors who have built upon it. In fact, it is only now that we begin to see how Gomara relied upon Motolinia, and the latter in turn drew from that collection of native material saved between 1528 and 1540 at the instigation of the much-abused Bishop Zumárraga. (This point will be fully cleared up, I hope, by my distinguished friend, Señor Icazbalceta, of Mexico.) Torquemada's sources were known to be principally of Tezozomoc origin, and it has been detected lately that he copied to a great extent, besides, from his clerical brother, Mendieta, who in turn was a plagiarist of the Licentiate Zurita (1549-1569). There is furthermore a remote filiation to the Mendoza Codex (about 1549).

Of the four authors whom I have mentioned as representing views distinct from those of the two preceding ones, Acosta has stood quite alone in public prominence for two centuries. He was always esteemed, but the points in which he differed from Gomara and Torquemada were passed over as unexplained variations of minor interest. Little, if any, interest was taken in the question of his sources. For three centuries we have read in his book that the Jesuit Tobar, his contemporary, had taught him "these things," and that Tobar in turn had gathered his knowledge from paintings, and from songs and narratives which the viceroy, Martín Enriquez (1569 to 1582), had caused to be collected. Instead of looking up this book of Tobar it was preferred to listen to the politely-formulated accusation of Davila-Padilla that Acosta had copied, without acknowledgment, from the Dominican Diego Durán—thus implying that he had been dishonest, and was therefore unreliable.

About thirty years ago Lord Kingsborough incorporated the uncouth "Mexican Chronicle" of Tezozomoc in the ninth volume of his monumental collection. This prolix "Indian talk," endorsed by Veytia as "the most authentic version" of Mexican ancient history extant, I attempted to translate into the English language. Not only the peculiar view taken by Tezozomoc of ancient Mexican society struck me forcibly, but also his argument with Acosta. Applying thereupon to Señor Icazbalceta, of Mexico, for bibliographical and biographical information, this gentleman kindly sent me the first part of Durán's history, which had been found in Spain and published by the late Señor J. F. Ramírez in 1867. It wonderfully agrees with Tezozomoc. Finally, I received through the same friendly hand the print by Señor Vigil, edited by Señor Orozco y Berra, of an anonymous MS. saved out of the wreck of the Franciscan convent at Mexico in 1856, which MS., now known as the "Codice Ramirez," is evidently the source from which Acosta condensed the seventh book of his 'Natural and Moral History of the Indies.' The Mexican antiquarians have, therefore, come to the just conclusion that the "Codice Ramirez" is Tobar's work; only, as Durán states that he framed his own history in part out of a translation of a MS. written in the *aboriginal* language (Nahuatl) of Mexico, they have inferred that the "Codice Ramirez" is not an original composition, but a translation. This question is now fully solved.

The correspondence in your possession tells us that the Viceroy Enriquez caused the pictorial records of the natives to be gathered, "and those of Mexico, Tezcuco, and Tulla . . . brought them to him." These paintings he sent to Tobar through Dr. Portillo, and Tobar out of

them compiled "for the king" a history which Dr. Portillo took with him to Spain about 1573, unable to fulfil his promise to leave a copy of it in Mexico. In compiling his work Tobar used the greatest discrimination. Not only did he have "the wise men of Mexico, Tezcuco, and Tulla" explain to him the system and value of their pictorial records, but he actually compared and confronted their testimony, thus securing not only thoroughness but impartiality.

Unable to secure a copy of his work, and seeing that the plague of 1575 swept away all the older natives to whose memory the traditions of the past were committed, Tobar, after 1581, wrote a *second* book on the subject. In this he was assisted by the history which a Dominican friar, his "relative," had written about it, though independently, and which (he says) "was most conformed to the ancient records which I have seen." This friar is evidently Diego Durán, who, like Tobar, was a Mexican half-breed. This second book of Tobar, Acosta, in the letter in your possession, acknowledges having read. He does not say, however, that he kept it.

I have now carefully compared, as you know, the "Codice Ramirez" and the historical fragment in the Lenox Library. There is not the slightest doubt that *both are the work of one and the same man*. While they are so nearly alike as to permit, as I had the honor to show you, omissions in either text to be supplied from the other in many instances, they still are *not identical*. The Lenox document is somewhat more brief than the "Ramirez." The latter is of greater finish; it almost appears to be a more mature and, therefore, *later* production. This, coupled with the fact that the title of your fragment closes with the words, "Made by Father Juan de Tovar, of the Company of Jesus, sent to the King our Lord in this original written by hand," has led me to infer that the Lenox text was that of Tobar's first work, written between 1569 and 1573, whereas the "Codice Ramirez" is the later compilation. Still, I must leave the question undecided, and limit myself to the affirmation that they are both works of one and the same author, and, therefore, not, as we have all supposed, one of them (the Mexican text) a translation of a "Nahuatl" chronicle underlying the work of Diego Durán.

We must look elsewhere, therefore, for the source of the latter, and I would suggest that a comparison of Durán with the "Anales de Cuanhuitlan," better known as the "Codex Chimalpopoca," might give more satisfactory results. At all events, we have two contemporaneous authors, Tobar and Durán, who have both arrived, though independently, at the same results, while resting on the most reliable foundation which can be desired in the case—namely, that of a careful and impartial, and therefore critical, sifting of aboriginal sources. One of these authors has been followed by Acosta; the other one, Durán, has probably exerted a direct influence on Tezozomoc. To these four now the endorsement of Veytia must be extended—namely, that they are "the most authentic versions extant of the ancient history of Mexico."

Finally, I can but repeat to you the statement made before the Historical Society, to the effect that the pictures themselves which the viceroy, Martín Enriquez, had gathered, and which Tobar (and Durán) consulted, are not all lost. The "Codex Vaticanus" (and, of course, that incomplete copy thereof called "Codex Telleriano-Remensis") dates back to after 1562, whereas it was sent to Rome, as Acosta tells us, *prior* to 1589. Its arrangement agrees singularly with that indicated in the title of the Lenox fragment for Tobar's book. Of course there is not a full agreement in facts, neither in dates; but such an agreement could not even be expected, since the codices mentioned formed at all events but a part of the paintings consulted by Tobar.

Hoping to be able to communicate to you more positive results shortly, I have the honor to remain, sir, with the highest respect, your very obedient,

AD. F. BANDELIER.

NEW YORK, Nov. 6, 1879.

Notes.

HARPER & BROS. will publish 'Art in America,' by S. G. W. Benjamin; 'Studies from the Great Poets,' by Prof. Symonds; and 'Young Mrs. Jardine,' by Mrs. Mulock-Craik.—'Aloha: a Hawaiian Salutation,' by the Rev. George L. Chaney; 'Stories of the War, Told by Soldiers,' edited by the Rev. E. E. Hale; 'The Faith of Reason,' by the Rev. John W. Chadwick; and 'Causerie,' selections from the department of that name in the Boston *Transcript*, by Wm. A. Hovey, are in the press of Roberts Bros.—Chas. Scribner's Sons will issue during this season the 'Life and Works of Gilbert Stuart,' by George C. Mason; and the

'Letters of Charles Dickens,' collected by his daughter and Miss Hogarth. They have embalmed the 'Complete Poetical Writings of J. G. Holland' in a handsome octavo of 509 pages, bound in bevelled boards, and furnished with a wealth of illustration, scarcely less interesting, perhaps, than the text. The designers are Reinhart, Hennessey, Griswold, Abbey, Thomas Moran, and Mrs. Foote, and among the engravers the curious will notice that Mr. Linton lies down with Mr. Smithwick and Mr. J. P. Davis, so that the "legitimate" and the "latest" methods may be easily contrasted. Messrs. Eaton and Cole provide as a frontispiece a characteristic portrait of Dr. Holland, who is therefore added to the series of leading American poets drawn and engraved by these gentlemen for *Scribner's Monthly*. From Scribner & Co. we have received bound volumes of *Scribner's Monthly* (XVIII.) and of *St. Nicholas* (VI.) In contents they compare favorably, as far as our memory serves us, with those which have gone before them. On the pictorial side they are, as usual, without superiors. —Fords, Howard & Hulbert will be the American publishers of the sumptuous English work called 'The Lives and Portraits of the One Hundred Greatest Men of History.' —An exhibition of the works of the late Wm. Morris Hunt is now open at the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, and will close Dec. 15. The catalogue, which embraces no less than 200 oil-paintings and 121 charcoal-drawings and pastels—an unprecedented collection for an American artist, unless we are mistaken—is adorned with a fine photograph of this lamented artist. A life of Mr. Hunt is in preparation by his brother, Leavitt Hunt, of Brattleboro, Vermont. —A life of another New England artist, Seth W. Cheney, is being undertaken by his widow, Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, who would be glad of any material that might be lent her for that purpose. Her address is Forest Hills Street, Forest Hills, Mass. —Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued, with their imprint and in admirable style, the three-volume translation of Molière's dramatic works made by Mr. Charles Heron Wall and published in England in one of Bohn's Libraries. This is the third appearance of an English Molière in America within two years; the earlier two being the successive editions of Mr. Van Laun's translation in Philadelphia and New York. In reviewing these in the *Nation* (No. 738) we said that Mr. Wall's translation was much better than Mr. Van Laun's. He has a better idiomatic command of English and a better understanding of the duties of a translator. The ideal version of Molière would be an eclectic, the result of the use of the labors of all previous translators, utilizing whatever felicities of expression any one of them may have happened on. Failing this, Mr. Wall's translation is much the best now before the public. He follows the edition of M. Louandre; his notes and comments are brief and to the point, and the short biographical sketch prefixed is founded on fact and free from legend, although M. Loiseleur's researches, published since this sketch was written, might have been used in this new edition to correct the statements about Molière's funeral. —Mr. George H. Calvert has just put forth (Lee & Shepard) 'Shakspeare: a Biographic Æsthetic Study,' in 212 duodecimo pages. It begins with the "babe asleep in his cradle," whose "forehead was cool, and his cheeks, flushed by the healthy currents from his heart, glistened with the warmth of the midsummer noon," and concludes with some verses "On first seeing, in Central Park, the Statue of Shakspeare, by Ward." It appears to be due to a suddenly renewed sense in its author that Shakspeare was a great poet. —'The Egotist,' by Henry T. King, of the Philadelphia bar, is announced by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. —We have received from Peter G. Thomson, Cincinnati, a 'Catalogue of a Gentleman's Library,' with prices marked, which deserves the attention of art-book collectors in particular.

—If the American people remain ignorant of the science and art of preserving the health it will certainly not be due to inactivity upon the part of either writers or publishers. Within the last few months G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued a cheaper edition of Fothergill's excellent 'Maintenance of Health'; the compendious 'Treatise on Hygiene and Public Health,' edited by Dr. Buck and published by Wm. Wood & Co., has been recently noticed in these columns; and sanitary information in a simpler and—to speak physiologically—more readily assimilable form is now presented from three different sources: Dr. J. Mortimer Granville's little papers on 'Common Mind Troubles' and 'The Secret of a Clear Head' come from The Naturalist's Agency; D. Appleton & Co. reprint the English Health Primers; and the American Health Primers are in course of publication by Lindsay & Blakiston. If all the eighteen volumes of this series by American authors are as readable and instructive as Dr. Osgood's 'Winter and its Dangers,' they are cheap enough, if regarded only as entertaining literature. Nevertheless, since

people who are ready enough to pay largely for the cure of disease often hesitate to invest a much smaller sum for its prevention, we think it a pity that money and bulk were not economized by combining two or more of these fifty-cent books into single volumes of moderate size and cost.

—The indirect result of the competition which the Messrs. Harper have been waging for the past two years in their Franklin Square series with the makers of cheap reprints from English books, has been, we hope, to diminish the sales of the equally cheap sensational or nasty literature which, being abundantly produced on our own soil, is not concerned about international copyright. There remained a field in which a similar competition of what is pure in tone with what is vile was possible and highly needed, and that was the supply of reading for the young. Professor Sumner lately sounded the alarm in regard to the villanous trash now offered on the stalls to our boys and girls, and perhaps we ought to discern a conscious missionary enterprise in *Harper's Young People*, an illustrated weekly, of which the first number appeared November 4. It is an eight-paged paper bearing a family resemblance to the *Weekly* and the *Bazar*, and the publishers' name is an assurance that it contains and will contain nothing objectionable or calculated to fill a child's mind with false or low ideas of life. We hope it is superfluous to wish it success; at the same time we must confess that we prize it more in consideration of what it replaces than in and for itself. It seems to us very doubtful if periodical literature is wholesome for children who can have access to books and good advice in reading; and finding it hard to praise even juvenile monthlies, we naturally look with still less favor on a weekly. Nevertheless, we may even see the *Boys' Daily* before we pass away.

—A wonderful array of portraits accompanies the opening paper of *Harper's* for December, entitled 'The Fortunes of the Bonapartes,' which gives a good popular account of the kingly tribe from the First Consul to Prince Jerome. The writer might on another occasion dwell a little more on the American chapter in the lives of several of them. Of the amiable Joseph, during his stay at Bordentown, Dr. Lieber used to relate that he would often in the most unaffected manner introduce a reminiscence with the phrase "Quand j'étais roi d'Espagne," or "Quand j'étais roi de Naples." Mr. Ernest Ingersoll continues his Georgia studies with an account of the City of Atlanta, and any one unduly despondent concerning the regeneration of the South will be much comforted by his description. The second instalment of "The Connemara Hills" hardly equals the promise of the first. Mrs. Champney's "Sea-Drift from a New-England Port"—to wit, New London—shows in parts a clever historical imagination, but is on the whole as heterogeneous as its name implies, and as local antiquarian papers of this sort are wont to be. Some of the engravings for this article are of rare beauty of execution. A characteristic book summary rather than review, such as we expect in *Harper's* from time to time, is made here from Dr. Thomson's 'The Land and the Book' in the article called "The Palestine of To-day." The poetical feature of the number is a poem by Longfellow on an iron pen, "made from a fetter of Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon, the handle of wood from the frigate *Constitution*, and bound with a circlet of gold, inset with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine." This odd mixture of relics offered as a theme for a poem reminds us of a kind of social puzzle in which, for example, you are asked to compose a distich containing the words *Pleiades* and *snuff*, and an answer to the question, "When shall you be fifty?" It is needless to say that Mr. Longfellow's success in this task could not readily be equalled by common versifiers.

—The contents of the *Atlantic* for December resemble the miscellany of a Sunday newspaper closely enough to avoid dullness entirely, if not to preserve the severe dignity of a monthly magazine. Some "Reminiscences of George Grote" are contributed by Mr. George Washington Greene, who, though he spent a month in daily intercourse with Grote, kept no record of his conversations, to his present regret, and is able to give only general impressions and a letter. "Three Interviews with Old John Brown" are described with ultra circumstantiality by W. A. Phillips; "The Man who was to have Assassinated Napoleon" is an anonymous sketch of an interesting life, though its title begs the main point at issue. The writer would have been saved several mistakes by consulting the documents printed in the 'Mémoires du roi Jérôme.' Thus Maubreuil received his orders not from the Emperor Alexander but from Talleyrand's secretary, Laborde. The Baron Brokenhausen, from whom he had credentials, was not "the Prussian Minister" but a Russian officer, chief-of-staff to the Russian commandant, Baron Saken. The stolen property, moreover, was not found boxed up at the bottom of the Seine in 1817, because the jewels had been delivered to an agent of the Count of Artois

April 22, 1814, and were restored to the Queen during the Hundred Days. Mr. Grant White writes entertainingly though minutely about "English Manners," and leaves his subject "but half exhausted," so that we may expect more next month; "Some of Us: A Southwestern Sketch" is more successful in its reproduction of local dialect than in its other intentions; "Kansas Farmers and Illinois Dairymen" has value as well as interest, and Mr. George E. Waring, jr., explains the functions and limitations of the National Board of Health in answer to much hostile criticism which that body has provoked. "The Greatest Novelist's Work for Freedom," by Clara Barnes Martin, is a fresh and interesting account of Turgeneff's life and work. We note a not important error: "the greatest novelist" is not a nephew of the celebrated brothers Turgeneff, Nicholas and Alexander, as Mrs. Martin says, but only a distant relative. The "Club" contains a poem by Daudet, and an explanation, by the author, of Rosamond's character—who Rosamond is it would be superfluous, apparently, to relate. Further light on it is thrown by a sequel to the original story in the body of the number, entitled "The Conductor and Rosamond," which is very well done. There is one poem full of dashes that are explained, perhaps, by the circumstance that it is supposed to be spoken by a dying woman. Of the first article, "Thirty-seven Hundred and Fifty-eight," we can make little: it describes the archaeological discoveries of the New-Zealander in the year 3758, and essays both satire and solemnity, but it is oddly destitute of the humor which has hitherto been the excuse for writing it. It is, however, to be continued, and its worth may become plainer.

—The current *British Quarterly Review* has an interesting and, if we may say so without offence to the scientific world, timely article by Mr. R. Caird on Father Curci's work, 'The Modern Dissension between the Church and Italy.' Father Curci is as much of a Liberal Catholic as it is possible to be and avoid the contempt of Vaticanism or even of orthodoxy. He advises that the Church "lay aside her theory of legitimism, acquire a predominant influence in journalism and in education, and so reappear once more in the van of civilization." This seems a radical, not to say revolutionary, programme. How difficult it would be to carry it out, or so much as interest the ruling powers of the Church in it, appears quite plainly in several recent orthodox utterances. Mr. Caird does not think much of Father Curci himself; he closes the latter's book, he says, "muttering, with a clenched conviction, *Semel Jesuita, semper Jesuita*." But we imagine his mutterings would acquire positive sonority if he should read the evidence furnished by the *American Catholic Quarterly Review* of the way in which the majority of Catholics regard such liberalism as Father Curci's. The *Quarterly* must express the views of the majority of Catholics, of Catholicism itself we may say, since evidently it can have no other excuse for existing, and we accept its statements as authoritative. The Rev. J. Ming, S.J., has an essay in the last number on "Modern and Ancient Philosophy Compared," and the Very Rev. James A. Coreoran, D.D., a review of the Holy Father's recent Encyclical, from which we judge that, unsatisfactory as Father Curci is to Mr. Caird in his reliance upon the dicta of St. Thomas Aquinas, no such scheme as that of a discontented and dismissed Jesuit for the reappearance of the Church in the van of civilization is likely to be popular. According to Father Ming, "Catholic philosophy has during the past twenty years more and more returned to the scholastic system," and he fears in consequence "the raillery of infidels and generally of those outside the Church." "To prevent or reject such charges it will be necessary," he adds, "to contrast modern with ancient philosophy." Therefore he proceeds to examine with considerable causticity "modern philosophy." With conspicuous conservatism he accounts as modern philosophers of any importance only Descartes, Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel. His exposition of their systems is elaborate, but the reverse of enthusiastic. Descartes he does not admire, but observes sarcastically, "The idealists"—i. e., the modern philosophers—"have no reason at all to be pleased with his theories," since he not only believed in God, but "also highly esteemed supernatural faith, of which he would not allow the least doubt." Kant "has fallen into just those errors which he pretended to overcome," and his successors have succeeded no better. "Is it not useless to criticise them?" asks the writer, their "absurdity is so evident to common-sense." "Atheism, Materialism, and Nihilism are their genuine offspring," and "even the political errors of our time are based on idealism." They have even led, we learn with surprise, to the neglect of philosophical studies in Germany. The remedy is that insisted on by "our glorious pontiff"—namely, "a still more complete adoption of the tenets of St. Thomas Aquinas."

—The performance of Verdi's "Aida," which was reproduced on Friday last, was certainly by far the best thing which Colonel Mapleson has done here this season. More superb and appropriate costumes and more beautiful scenery have perhaps never been seen on the stage of the Academy of Music. Chorus and orchestra had been strengthened for the occasion, the leading parts were in the hands of distinguished artists, and it is really refreshing, after all the complaints that have been made about this season's performances, to record a genuine success and to congratulate Colonel Mapleson on so artistic and thoroughly smooth a representation. Signor Campanini was an excellent *Rhadames*, the fiery, passionate character of this part being particularly well suited to his style. Signor Galassi acted and sang *Amonastro* to perfection. Miss Cary has often been heard here in the part of *Amneris*, and delighted the public again by her fine artistic interpretation of this interesting rôle. Mlle. Ambre, as *Aida*, was perhaps the weakest part of the cast; but she was, if not very strong, most charming and sympathetic in the lyric portion of her performance. We must again speak warmly of the eminent services of Signor Arditi, who handled the chorus and orchestra in a masterly manner. "Trovatore" was given at Saturday's matinée, and a really excellent performance of "Faust" on Monday night. Mlle. Valleria is becoming a great favorite with the public, and, as she gains confidence and sees herself more appreciated, she improves both in her singing and acting. Her performance of *Margherita* was really excellent.

—The ninth *fasciculus* of Koolman's 'East-Frisian Dictionary' has appeared, beginning vol. ii. (H-Jok). The merits and demerits of this work continue the same: wealth of vocabulary, definitions, quotations, and proverbs on the one hand; on the other, an excessive amount of "padding," in the shape of comparative philology. For instance, why consume an entire column of a dialect-dictionary in giving the Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, and Slavic cognates of a word like "grim"? Or do we need to be informed that Low-German "gris," High-German "greis," is connected with French "gris"? Yet, despite its inflation, the 'East-Frisian Dictionary' will be a great help to students of English etymology. Our lexicographers, trained to the use of High-German, have neglected our Low-German kinsmen, who are much nearer to us in structure and idiom. We hope the time may soon arrive when every English lexicographer will be forced to master thoroughly the distinguishing features of Low-German.

—As a sort of companion-piece to Koolman's 'Dictionary' we may notice Professor Hewett's 'Historical Study of the Frisian Language and Literature' (Ithaca: Finch & Appgar). This pamphlet of sixty pages gives a résumé of the sources of our information upon Frisia and the Frisians, in classic or in monkish Latin, and in early German; also a résumé of the literature (chiefly legal), and an abridged grammar of the language. The author has taken much pains to arrange material previously scattered far and wide, and to present his subject in a clear and attractive shape. In examining his synopsis of the grammar, however, we observe with disapproval that he follows the older theory of Grimm and Heyne respecting the Germanic vowels, and speaks of *i* and *u* as "primitive," and of *e* as coming from *i*. This theory has been completely supplanted by the views of Müllenhoff, Scherer, Sievers, and others. In like manner, the author's reference to the Anglo-Saxon Beovulf-lied is at once meagre and inaccurate. Yet these are minor defects. The pamphlet as a whole evinces a high degree of sound scholarship.

—The growth of periodical literature has been slow in Germany, but the success of the *Deutsche Rundschau*, which has just entered upon its sixth year, has been complete, at least from a literary point of view. The best writers of Germany, in almost every branch of letters, have contributed to it, and, to judge from an address to his subscribers which the editor issues with the October number, its high standard will be maintained in the coming year. Works of fiction are promised by men like Wilbrandt, Heyse, Auerbach, Roquette, and others; essays on subjects of political, scientific, and social interest will be contributed by Karl Hillebrand, Reinhold Pauli, Nachtigal, Haackel, Kapp, Frenzel, etc.; Dr. Hanslick and Louis Ehlert will write on musical topics, and in the field of fine arts and belles-lettres we meet with such names as Lange, Pietsch, Lorenz, and Sachau. The October number itself is of unusual interest and merit. The first paper is a charming little story by Theodor Storm. In a review of Taine's work, 'Les Origines de la France contemporaine'—Vol. I. 'L'Ancien Régime,' and Vol. II. 'La Révolution'—Prof. Heinrich von Sybel gives a sketch of the period from the beginning of the reign of Louis XVI. to the end of the Revolution. Karl von Scherzer contributes an article of interest on German life and

work in foreign countries, from which we learn, among other things, that one hundred and fifty years ago, in 1730, a German, Johann Peter Zenger, published a weekly newspaper in this city, in which the abuses of the English Government were attacked in savage fashion. Dr. Friedrich Kapp has an article on Berlin journalism in the last century; an anonymous writer gives a sketch of the life and work of Mr. Andrew D. White, our present minister at the Court of Berlin; and there are excellent reviews of current literature and art.

BAYNE'S 'LESSONS FROM MY MASTERS.'*

THIS title is both the best and the worst thing about Mr. Bayne's book. We find nothing in it which indicates a juster perception of the literary worth of Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin, of whom he makes elaborate studies, than the candid acknowledgment conveyed in 'My Masters': that is to say, nothing in the way of discriminating eulogy which equals the tribute implied in his deferential title. We by no means write ourselves down disciples of Mr. Carlyle or Mr. Tennyson or Mr. Ruskin in admiring Mr. Bayne's frank admission that he is a pupil not only of one, but of all three of these writers. Only, when a clever writer such as Mr. Bayne finds it in his heart to make public profession of his deference to older and abler laborers in the field of literature, his hero-worship for his contemporaries at a time when the exact reverse is so common ought to be put down to his credit. At the same time and on the other hand the elevation to the rank of heroes of one's contemporaries has in it something sentimental which is inevitably prejudicial to soundness of judgment. It is impossible to speak of contemporaries with the same certainty and dispassionateness which one exercises with regard to historical figures whose perspective is already fixed, and of which, whatever differences of opinion there may be, we all acknowledge the premises and the facts. There is, perhaps, nothing in Mr. Bayne's book upon which one can put his finger and say, "This is prejudice, this is a judgment warped by propinquity; there is a sad lack of perspective in this," and so on. Nevertheless there is not only an almost fatal presumption against its soundness of judgment for the reasons we have mentioned, but there is distinctly evident in it a sentimentality which even its outspokenness and cordiality cannot prevent one from thinking a little too deferential in an LL.D. to be real criticism. When he began his studies of his masters, Mr. Bayne says, it was his intention "not to sit in judgment upon them, not to rise from the pleasant place of listener and learner at their feet and assume that of critical censor"; but he found it impossible in writing to divest himself "of the critical function so completely as I had purposed. When I differed in opinion from the eminent men whose works I surveyed I could not help saying so, and to say so without reason assigned would have seemed unjustifiable assumption." But even in these trying circumstances it will, he trusts, be found that he has in no instance controverted an opinion of his masters "without its being evident that my respect and affection for them continued unimpaired." Even on such occasions it is evident that he is not justly to be accused of bumptiousness. As criticism, therefore, it should be clear that Mr. Bayne's book is handicapped by his sentimentality.

This is shown in various ways, but in none more conspicuously than in its title, as we have intimated. What nexus there is between Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tennyson it is difficult to discover. They all write in English, to be sure; they are all opposed to "the materialism of the age," as the phrase is; they all believe in spiritual forces and do not value "cash payment" greatly as a cure for present ills; they are all poets in certain senses and they are all artists of the first class. A writer of impressionable susceptibility finds these circumstances sufficient to make a kind of contemporary triumvirate of literary heroes of them. But this very association indicates a curious blindness on his part to the vital characteristics of each of them; it implies that he has of each of them an enthusiastic and somewhat superficial rather than a quick and discriminating appreciation. Fancy Mr. Carlyle, after his pamphlet on "Model Prisons," founding a St. George's Society, or, after crying "May the devil fly away with the fine arts!" going mad about Turner. Fancy Mr. Tennyson,

"Turning to scorn with lips divine
The falsehood of extremes!"

writing a poem on Mahomet or Timour the Tartar, or celebrating in his capacity of laureate Oliver Cromwell as the last ruler of England who "believed in a God." Imagine Mr. Ruskin interested in the theme of

"Maud" or "Locksley Hall," or Mr. Carlyle sympathizing with "the love of poor curates for women above them." One cannot but ascribe a kind of looseness to Mr. Bayne's hero-worship, and conclude that he built and garlanded his altars before hitting upon the divinities to preside over them.

This does not at all imply that Mr. Bayne is not full of his subject—or subjects. Quite the contrary: he has evidently not only read and, in a sort, digested every written line of his "masters," but he has also a beautiful optimistic delight in their utterances. And it does not follow that he is indiscriminating in his eulogy because it so distinctly appears in his differences from them that his "respect and affection for them continue unimpaired." The reader only superficially acquainted with them cannot fail to get from his book a far better notion of the writers treated of than he has hitherto had. Each essay is nothing if not exhaustive. That on Carlyle, for example, is composed of twenty-one chapters, and not only gives a sufficient biography of its subject and a critical exposition of all his writings seriatim, but attempts a philosophical consideration of his aims and accomplishments, has a great deal to say about his apparent pantheism, etc. It endeavors to go to the very bottom of the matter under discussion, and leaves nothing "in the air," as Carlyle himself would have done, perhaps—*e.g.*: "I look upon this ['Sartor Resartus'] as one of the very few books produced in Great Britain in the present century deserving to be styled a true, original, and important contribution to metaphysics. It connects itself in a very interesting manner with Kant's speculations on space and time, and with Sir William Hamilton's philosophy of the Infinite; but it is distinctively Carlyle's, and cannot be claimed by the disciples either of Kant or of Hamilton." It is even written in a Carlylese dialect; and to any one who misconceives Carlyle, as so many do, it must be, we should say, a valuable exposition. The same is true of the essays on Tennyson and Ruskin. Mr. Bayne is so thorough that he may be said to hunt to their fastnesses even the vagrant fancies of his "masters," and he is so complete that he leaves unnoticed no side of them which is visible from his view-point. But this is not criticism in any serious sense. To find slight and superficial flaws in the works of one's "masters," which only point and emphasize their fundamental excellence, is merely a semblance of criticism; it is the advocacy of Jacobinism in disguise—that Jacobinism which, as it has been said, "loves a Rabbi." And Jacobite eulogy of contemporaries invariably inspires distrust. We are in no way disturbed by the criticism which calls Shakspeare "the greatest artist the modern world has known," since the grounds of Shakspeare's superiority are too well understood for a loose statement of them, even by an eminent literary authority, to be of importance. But when, having reviewed Tennyson, Mr. Bayne comes to the consideration of Ruskin with the words, "After the great artist, the great critic," we reflect upon the unwisdom of assisting the currency of stock notions that yet need to be sifted carefully before they come to be accepted. Seeing that Mr. Ruskin is not at all a critic, and has none of the qualities which go to the making of a critic, and is first of all an artist—not an artist in the sense that Mr. Tennyson is, but nevertheless an artist whose pre-eminent merit is his imaginativeness—we at once conclude that spite of all his enthusiasm for and acquaintance with his "masters" Mr. Bayne has simply looked about him for "masters" to visit his "respect and affection" upon. We do not say that his admiration is not wholly sincere, or that it is not within certain limits discriminating, only that, notwithstanding this, it does not escape perfunctoriness.

There is much to commend and much to object to in the details of Mr. Bayne's book as well as in its general conception. There is now and then an acute remark which can only spring from saturation with one's subject, so to speak; and with most of what is said, whether it is in the nature of disclosure or not, it will be possible for readers who hold the same fundamental propositions as Mr. Bayne, to agree warmly. His sentimentality, however, enters detail, and characterizes chapter and page as well as the work as a whole. He, somehow, seems to lack the humor which would have saved him from this. He explains Carlyle's celebrated ostrich figure in the last chapter of the 'Life and Letters of Cromwell' thus, for example: "You see how the idea strikes him, lays hold of him, moves him to peal after peal of wild, sad laughter, will not leave him till he has worked it out from the sticking of the ostrich-head into the bush to the awakening of the bird under the birch-rods of destiny." We confess Mr. Bayne has for us done his best to spoil for ever the passage he here comments upon. He seems to tend naturally to heroics; to find portentous, or at least sonorous, explanations of very simple matters. Of the "In Memoriam" he says: "It aims at embalming a private sorrow for everlasting remembrance, at rendering a personal grief generally and immortally

* 'Lessons from My Masters. Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin. By Peter Bayne, M.A., LL.D.' New York: Harper & Brothers, 1879.

interesting. The set eye and marble brow of stoicism would cast back human sympathy; the broken accents and convulsive weeping of individual affliction would awaken no nobler emotion than mere pity; it was sorrow in a calm and stately attitude, sorrow robed in angel-like beauty, though retaining a look of earnest, endless sadness, that would draw generation after generation to the house of mourning." One cannot but esteem this as exegesis very immature and pompous of a text needing no such elaborate commentary. And this is how he speaks of Ruskin's St. George's scheme: "To me, after long pondering, the most comprehensively just and accurate way to describe his scheme of reform is as"—but surely we need quote no further to show how valuable as criticism of Ruskin the "long pondering" of his political economy can be. Neither is it pertinent for us to examine Mr. Bayne's criticism in detail, which would simply amount to a profession that we should have written differently of the writers he considers if we had attempted his task. What we have endeavored to point out is merely that criticism of any permanent value, criticism that is worth making a volume of, must be written in a very different spirit from Mr. Bayne's. Even bumptiousness is not worse than an exaggerated deference which indicates that the critic has no ideal of his own by which to admeasure his "masters" as best he may, but looks to them for such light as they can furnish him, and feels most at home when his intellectual conscience will permit him to follow them implicitly.

THE GIST OF THE KORAN.*

WHEN, as in these our days, aggressive civilization is brought into so close and so frequent contact with Mahometans, it is only natural that curiosity about their religion and its founder should be more than usually active. In presence of this curiosity, the work of the late Mr. E. W. Lane, now republished in an amplified form, is very welcome; and not exactly unwelcome is the Introduction which Mr. S. L. Poole has prefixed to it. Of Islam, in its practical outcome, Mr. Poole's estimate is anything but favorable. To recite his verdict, which no personal observer can deem inequitable, its adherents have passed "down an increasing scale of infamy and corruption, until it seems almost impossible to reach a lower level of vice." Yet this opinion does not wittingly forbid the essayist's entertaining the most exalted conception of the Arabian prophet. "There is something," he writes, "so tender and womanly, and withal so heroic, about the man, that one is in peril of finding the judgment unconsciously blinded by the feeling of reverence and well-nigh love that such a nature inspires. He who, standing alone, braved for years the hatred of his people, is the same who was never the first to withdraw his hand from another's clasp; the beloved of children, who never passed a group of little ones without a smile from his wonderful eyes and a kind word for them, sounding all the kinder in that sweet-toned voice. The frank friendship, the noble generosity, the dauntless courage and hope of the man all tend to melt criticism in admiration." The charges brought against Mahomet of being cruel, lustful, and insincere, his vindicator refuses to hear of. Summing up his hero, he intrepidly declares, with much more in a similar strain of eulogy: "Surely the character of Mohammad has been misjudged. He was not the ambitious schemer some would have him; still less, the hypocrite and sham prophet others have imagined. He was an enthusiast, in that noblest sense when enthusiasm becomes the salt of the earth, the one thing that keeps men from rotting whilst they live."

Treating of the reasons by which the diffusion of Islam and the fanaticism of Islamites have been accounted for, Mr. Poole remarks: "Others allege the low morality of the religion, and the sensual paradise it promises, as a sufficient cause for the zeal of its followers. But, even were these admitted to the full, to say that such reasons could win the hearts of millions of men who have the same hopes and longings after the right and the noble as we, is to libel mankind. No religion has ever gained a lasting hold upon the souls of men by the force of its sensual permissions and fleshly promises." It is observable that, of all men, one acquainted with Mahometanism should so directly beg the question as it is begged here. Moreover, the assumption that our fellow-beings, taken in the generality, have any preponderant aspiration after "the right and the noble" assuredly has little warrant in the history of the human race from the time when Adam donned his apron. But, concupiscence apart, if any evil propensity is more innate than another, probably it is the propensity to cruelty; and this alone, sanctioned as it is by the teachings of

Mahomet, would have sufficed to render intelligible the extensive acceptance of his specific doctrines, and the tenacity with which their professors cleave to them. Given the belief in a Tartarus as the portion of all but the faithful—that is to say, of all but those who symbolize with one's self—supplemented, at the suggestion of self conceit and the vindictiveness which too often attends it in unregenerate affections, by a sense of the congruity of administering a temporal prelibation of eternal torments to dissidents, and we are already provided with the groundwork of a religion which must needs multiply, and must present irresistible attractions to those who embrace it. Small is the wonder, therefore, that Mahometanism has found widespread and enduring favor. To Mr. Poole, far from being a fiendish superstition, vital simply by virtue of its harmony with the lowest and most bestial impulses, "it is a form of pure theism, simpler and more austere than the theism of most forms of modern Christianity, lofty in its conception of the relation of man to God, and noble in its doctrine of the duty of man to man, and of man to the lower creation." Were it so, only an ironical Providence can have ordained that it should bring forth so foul and fetid fruit, at best very apples of Sodom, hitherto.

Regarding the various translations of the Koran, Mr. Poole observes that "there are very few people who have the strength of mind to read any of them through." It might be said about as appropriately that "strength of mind" is a desideratum to those who shrink from grappling with Calprenède or Sir Archibald Alison. The Koran being a volume of formidable size, chaotic, tediously iterative, obscure, and very nasty, and yet calling to be known more or less, Mr. Lane did excellent service in culling out its essential portions for general readers. His renderings of these portions are such as, we suppose, one may accept with the firmest confidence in their critical accuracy. Mr. Poole, like Mr. Lane, deserves our thanks, despite his attitude as a special pleader. Where not argumentative, he is commendable. To his style we shall not object its occasional unconventionality. For the rest, though it is stiff and awkward here and there, and slightly tinged with affectation, these defects are partially compensated by its nervousness and animation. We would also suggest that our current vocabulary is not appreciably enriched or improved by such words as his "unindwellable," "aloneness," and "sunland." Lastly, the method of transliterating Arabic, adopted by him and by Mr. Lane, is a thing which, as being unscientific, cumbersome, and hideously unsightly, it is high time to lay aside.

Darwinism, and other Essays. By John Fiske, M.A., etc. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1879. 8vo, pp. 283.)—It is a very pleasant thing to be able to take up a new book with the assurance from its authorship that it will be made up of clear thoughts clothed in pure English. We have learnt to expect this from Mr. Fiske, and the expectation is not disappointed even when the volume is mainly made up of book notices like the present one. It is dedicated to Huxley, the great naturalist, "in remembrance of three happy days at Petersham, among the Blue Hills of Massachusetts, and of many pleasant fireside chats in London"; and the first four articles are on the Darwinian theory. They do not, perhaps, contain much that Mr. Fiske has not said very well before; but there is so much misconception of the subject still that it was well enough probably to reprint them. The interest in the dispute has faded now that the contest is over, but it is still curious to see how the strong natural instinct which Darwinism had to meet from the first has sullenly yielded, conquered but unconvinced, to the irresistible fiat of the little knot of specialists. They gave few reasons for their verdict, and yet it is really the final decision of this jury, and not the argument of counsel like Mr. Fiske, that has won the day. Besides these there are articles on "Inspiration" and "Spiritualism," and "Buckle" and the "Harvard Library." Mr. Bucklé has been so thoroughly abused already that there is sadly little of his reputation left for Mr. Fiske to demolish, but he clearly points out some of the brilliant historian's more important errors. He gives no indiscriminate blame. More than once he supplies the missing parts of Mr. Bucklé's argument, or shows the truth within certain limitations of laws false in the too sweeping state in which their author left them. Yet, looking back to the first appearance of the 'History of Civilization,' that dull time when the English dread of philosophical theory had left history without a guiding principle, and remembering the powerful influence it had in stimulating thought, one cannot help regretting a little that criticism should fall so heavily on that marvellous book.

The essay on the "Librarian's Duties at Harvard College" is interesting to those who care for this subject, and Mr. Fiske speaks with the

* "Selections from the Kur-ân. By Edward William Lane, Hon. Doctor of Literature, Leyden, etc. A new edition, revised and enlarged, with an Introduction, by Stanley Lane Poole." London: Trübner & Co. 1879.

weight of personal experience; but he does not convince us that there is not some unnecessary red tape at the College Library. In almost all libraries now the distribution of the limited funds between books and administrative expenses is a question of the first importance, and in too many the expense of the care of the books is enormously disproportioned to that of the books bought. Harvard College is not nearly so bad now as many other institutions in this respect, but not even the weight of Mr. Fiske's authority can make the four distinct contemporaneous catalogues seem incontestably wise and prudent.

The articles on "The Races of the Danube" and on "Chauncey Wright" are the best in the book. Mr. Fiske has a special talent for history, and we wish sometimes that he had selected that rather than metaphysics for his specialty. His tribute to the great thinker, from whom he differed so widely, is very fine. But this and the article on the Immortality Symposium of the *Nineteenth Century* show some of the vital defects of Mr. Fiske's philosophy. He sees clearly the close connection of Spencer's Cosmism with Berkeley's Idealism, and he rightly objects to calling the first materialistic. But he does not see as clearly that Cosmism is but a form of Idealism, and that its alliance with Positivism and modern experimental science is illusive and spurious; the one founding theories on nature, while the other founds them on the laws of thought. Positivism calls a law established when it, and it only, can fully explain the material phenomena embraced. Cosmism calls it established when its reverse is incredible or unimaginable in thought. Mr. Fiske tries to save the evolution philosophy from the charge of one-sidedness, by referring to Spencer's notion that the law of evolution is united with the opposite law of decay by a mystic rhythmic harmony, reminding one of the old song of the spheres to which the planets were once supposed to dance. He does not see that this rhythmic harmony is a mere name, hiding the absence of an idea under its sounding title, and that the only way really to reconcile the two is simply to acknowledge the fact (as Mr. Wright does, to Mr. Fiske's dissatisfaction) that there is no universal law of evolution or dissolution, but only an infinite variety of movements, part up and part down, according to the varying opportunities the occasion presents; altogether, filling the whole scale of being, but only separable into two general tendencies by a convenient but misleading fiction—a fiction not at all gotten rid of by giving it a grand rhythmic title.

Columbia and Canada: Notes on the Great Republic and the New Dominion. A Supplement to 'Westward by Rail.' By W. Fraser Rae. Second edition. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.)—Mr. Rae visited this country at the time of the Centennial Exhibition, and has told what he saw in a good-natured, chatty way, with abundant comments of his own. Landing in New York, he found the most conspicuous changes in that city since his last visit in 1869 to be the downfall of Tweed and the shooting of Mr. James Fisk, jr.; that the city debt had been trebled "while the city remains a specimen of maladministration"; that two new religions (Theosophy and Comtism) had been provided; that various new buildings had been built; that wild beasts had been collected for exhibition in the Central Park; that an aquarium had been erected in Broadway; and that "a railway carries passengers above the streets, instead of, as in London, underneath them." Comparing the journals of New York, the *Tribune* is "one of the most notable"; the *Herald*, "which pants after a reputation for omnipresence, is foremost in circulation and popular favor"; the *World* "is written with great vigor"; the *Sun* "prints what people in general hesitate to utter"; the *Nation* "treats political, social, and economic topics with a freshness of tone which is most gratifying, and an acerbity which does not always give pleasure."

In Philadelphia the regularity of the city has for Mr. Rae the drawback of monotony. The Exhibition he considers equal to the best of those of Europe. Of the displays, "though very far behind some nations in particular things, the United States occupied a front rank when their performance was regarded as a whole." The grievances of the citizens of the District of Columbia in having no representation he thinks "as great in principle as those of the inhabitants of the thirteen Colonies when they embarked in the struggle for independence." He is greatly troubled that, as a rule, the leading city of a State is not made its capital, and thinks it quite possible that before the end of a second century Washington will have ceased to be the capital of the Union. With Boston he was greatly pleased, though shocked at the "new social commandment, 'Thou shalt not drink anything more potent than lemonade,'" which was in force at the time of his visit. He holds "the legislation

which aims at making all men sober by preventing any man from practising the virtue of temperance," to be an evil hardly less deplorable than that of drunkenness. Bostonians welcome a stranger with a hospitality which, he thinks, is not the rule in the United States. At Saratoga, discussing the capitulation of General Burgoyne, he asserts that the revised edition of Bancroft's History, which puts the number who capitulated at 5,791, and "seven short histories of the United States" which range between 5,000 and 6,000, are all wrong, but that "there can be no doubt" that the accurate number is 3,500. At West Point "the cadets are drilled and taught with a thoroughness which cannot be surpassed at Sandhurst, St. Cyr, or Berlin." At Portland he was assured "that intoxication was not an extinct vice."

On reaching Canada Mr. Rae discovers the intelligence of the inhabitants to have been generally underrated; that the new scheme of confederation is knitting it closely together; that there is an increasing jealousy of the United States; and, "considering that there is an unfriendliness on the part of the United States towards her northern neighbor," he sees no possibility of annexation. He was surprised at the desire which the Canadians showed for a protective tariff. He concludes with the suggestion of a scheme which by an act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom and an amendment to the Constitution of the United States is to give to subjects of the Republic and to subjects of Queen Victoria common citizenship in the Anglo-American Empire. "After, as before it, the two countries would preserve their identity and independence; but their inhabitants could then cherish the assurance that they stood in closer fellowship to each other than to the rest of the human race, and that, though representing two nations, they were in reality but one people. Continuing to be rivals everywhere, they would cease to be aliens throughout that vast area of the globe where the star-spangled banner and the union jack bear witness that it is consecrated to freedom."

Mr. Rae's book, though not very substantial, is readable and entertaining; but why ten pages should be devoted to a history of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* is incomprehensible. The long account of the development of steamships and the discussion of free-trade doctrines also seem rather out of place.

Brunhild: A Tragedy from the Nibelung Saga. By Emanuel Geibel. Translated by George Theodore Dippold. Preceded by a brief account of the Nibelung Epics and Sagas. (Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1879.)—The Nibelung epic has had a varied fortune. After the close of its most brilliant epoch, during the era of the Hohenstaufen emperors (1138-1254), it became suddenly obliterated from the memories of the people. With the decay of knighthood it lost the foundation on which it had flourished so luxuriantly. For nearly five hundred years scarcely a mention was made of it, and the few sporadic references to it were passed by unheeded. Not until the middle of the eighteenth century was it brought to light again, but since that time it has won for itself a surprisingly wide circle of friends and admirers, especially in Germany and Scandinavia. The various versions in the Middle High-German and old Norse tongues have been collected and published again and again in the original, and the number of translations and commentaries is legion. Since Carlyle wrote his enthusiastic essay on the 'Nibelungen Lied,' English literature has gradually been enriched with translations and analyses. Thus, no fewer than four poetic versions have been produced in England, besides William Morris's 'Sigurd the Volsung,' in which he has combined the various old Norse and Middle High-German materials. The first American edition of the 'Nibelungen Lied' was issued in 1877 by Auber Forestier, who gave us in a volume entitled 'Echoes from Mist-Land' a graphic transposing of the story and a somewhat elaborate article on the Nibelung literature. Mr. Dippold pays a glowing tribute to 'Echoes from Mist-Land' and recommends it to his readers who desire to know more than his book supplies in regard to the material of which Geibel's tragedy has been constructed.

In Germany sixteen different dramas have grown out of the Nibelung literature, exclusive of the musical tetralogy produced by Richard Wagner. Five of these embrace the whole Nibelung story; four are so-called Kriemhild-dramas; four, so-called Rudiger-dramas; and three, Brunhild-dramas. Emanuel Geibel's 'Brunhild' belongs to the last-named class, and is justly regarded as the most successful attempt hitherto made at giving dramatic form to this heroic epic of our Teutonic past. It has become exceedingly popular in Germany, where a fourth large edition has been published; and in this country it has won for itself much popular admiration through the successful representation of *Brunhild* by the Bohemian actress Fanny Janauschek.

The first of the five acts opens at the royal castle at Worms, in the early morning after the double marriage of *Gunther* and *Siegfried*, and the fifth act ends with the suicide of *Brunhild*, where she stabs herself with *Siegfried's* dagger. The time is, of course, before the introduction of Christianity into Germany. The translation by Mr. Dippold is exceedingly faithful to the original both in spirit and in form. As a specimen we quote here *Brunhild's* last words, which are addressed to her rival *Kriemhild*, page 112 :

"Dost thou so stern enforce
Thy right the corpse to guard, relentless one!
Well then! Love's last poor greeting mayest thou
Deny me, and the cold hand's pressure too;
But yet my will thou never shalt restrain.
For strong is longing, like the zods themselves.
O Siegfried, Siegfried, what can part thee now
Henceforth from me? Not here, not in the dust,
Which but the mortal suits. I longer seek thee.
There is a realm, a silent, where no bond
Excludes another, for there love and hate
In cognizance divine have passed away,
And all that's great mates with the great. Oh! there,
In sacred twilight by the noble shades,
There art thou mine, beloved. Hark! It seems
From yonder dark abode I hear thy call,
And feel a rustling round me as of wings.
Wilt give me greeting, or art angry now,
Impatient that I tarry here and wait.
Instead of doing what alone becoms?
Well, then, thou shalt not wait. For me the steel!
Through blood and flame the pathway thither leads;
Thou went'st before, I follow—
(She stabs herself with Siegfried's dagger.)
Welcome me!"

Mr. Dippold's book contains a short preface, an introduction giving a brief but very lucid and concise account of the Nibelung epics and sagas, and a few explanatory notes. Upon the whole it is a model translation, and the publishers have put it into attractive and convenient form.

Catalogue of Scientific Serials of all Countries, including the Transactions of Learned Societies in the Natural, Physical, and Mathematical Sciences. By Samuel H. Scudder. (Cambridge: Library of Harvard University. 1879. 8vo, pp. 357.)—By far the greater and more important part of the literature of natural science has found its way to the world through the journals of societies and other serial publications. The number of these serial reports is now so large that the greatest difficulty that besets the path of the investigator is the task of learning what has been done by other students. The first step towards a codification of the labors of naturalists is, clearly, to find the names and extent of the various journals that have been or are still in existence. Although several attempts have been made to compile such a list, this is the first successful effort toward this end. The catalogue of the Royal Society covers about the same ground, yet there are only fourteen hundred titles in its list as against six thousand in Mr. Scudder's volume. This admirable work will enable all collectors of this class of books to pursue their labors in an intelligent manner. It will also provide the student of science with a guide in the search for the work of his predecessors. It is one of the highest praises of any work to say, as we may of this, that it points the way to greater and more profitable labor. Every naturalist will hope that this list may be the foundation on which some association of libraries may proceed to compile a synoptical index of all serial publications of a scientific nature.

The typographical fashion of the book leaves nothing to be desired. A careful plan of presentation has been aided by a well-considered choice of type; the cross-referencing and indexing are most satisfactory.

How Two Girls Tried Farming. By Dorothea Alice Shepherd. (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.)—This narrative has the charm which belongs to imaginative conceptions applied to actual life, and we have no doubt that two women with unbroken health, unvarying spirits, liberal relatives in the immediate neighborhood, and each woman mistress of a trade whereby she earns ready money through the winter, might do the greater part

of what is here described. These "Two Girls" live with the utmost frugality, are indifferent to the looks and the furniture of their house, and by unremitting labor contrive to keep even with the world, and to bring their farm into excellent condition. There is room in the world for all sorts of experiments of living, and health and independence are prime factors in the sum of happiness; but these ladies do not mention anything laid by against their inevitable off-times, and we submit that the same labor, self-denial, and intelligence spent in any employment might expect as much success. The real point of the book is in the last paragraph—"such a relief, such a restoration to health and youth even, to rise in the morning one's own mistress! This unspoken yet ever-uttered 'By your leave' is so wearing." The book is beautifully printed.

Young Folks' History of England. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 12mo, pp. 415.)—This is without doubt the best history of England for children that there is. Miss Yonge has all the qualifications for the work, in her thorough familiarity with the subject and her well-known powers of narration. What children want is the picturesque view of history and acquaintance with its great characters, and they could not get these better than in this volume. Of course the author is an ardent upholder of church and crown, but we cannot see that she is unfair in depicting events, although her sympathies are clearly enough shown; for instance (p. 278), Charles I. "thought there could be no real church without bishops, as our Lord himself had appointed." The account of ship money (p. 265) is strangely incorrect. It is introduced in the early period of Charles's reign, and described as a usual, if irregular, proceeding, instead of as being specially devised at a later period for Charles's emergencies. The illustrations are excellent; we would especially note the portraits of Raleigh, Pitt, Henrietta Maria, etc., and Vandyke's picture of the three children of Charles I.

* Publishers will confer a favor by always marking the price of their books on the wrapper.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Adams (C. F., Jr.), Notes on Railroad Accidents	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) \$1 25
A Fool's Errand. By One of the Fools	(Fords, Howard & Hulbert)
Alcott (Miss L. M.), Aunt Jo's Scrap-book	(Robert's Bros.)
Amateur Poacher	
Aphorism (W. F.), Doctor Beelzebub	(Henry Holt & Co.) 2 01
Ar old (L. S.), Life of Benedict Arnold	(Jansen, McClurg & Co.) 2 50
Baird (Prof. H. M.), Rise of the Huguenots in France, 2 vols.	(Chas. Scribner's Sons) 5 00
Ballard (Julia P.), Insect Lives	(Robt. Clarke & Co.) 1 00
Benner (S.), Prophecies of Future Ups and Downs in Prices, 2d ed.	
Brookes (C. B.), Popular Guide to the Terms of Art and Science	
Burnett (Dr. C. H.), Hearing, and How to Keep It	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 50
Carroll (J.), St. Maur: a Tale swd.	(Lindsay & Blackiston) 75
Coolidge (Susan), Eyebright	(Roberts Bros.)
Corbin (Mrs. C. F.), Belle and the Boys	(Jansen, McClurg & Co.) 1 25
Dodge (Mrs. M. M.), Hans Brinker, new ed.	(Chas. Scribner's Sons) 1 50
Douglas (E. K.), Confucianism and Taoism	(Pott, Young & Co.) 1 25
Egleston (E.), Pocahontas	(Dodd, Mead & Co.) 1 25
Flags of All Maritime Nations, swd.	(Wm. T. Ames) 1 00
Gairdner (J.), Early Chroniclers of Europe—England	(Pott, Young & Co.) 1 50
Granville (J. M.), Secret of a Clear Head	(S. E. Cassino) 50
Harlan (Dr. G. C.), Eyesight, and How to Care for It	(Lindsay & Blackiston) 51
Hays (Mrs. W. J.), Prince's Ideways	(Harper & Bros.) 75
Hudson (Rev. H.), Shakspeare's Julius Caesar	(Ginn & Heath)
Hunt (Mrs. H.), Letters from a Cat	(Roberts Bros.) 1 25
Keating (J. M.), With General Grant in the East	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 1 50
Lamb (Mrs. M. J.), History of New York, Vol. 2, Part 1, swd.	(S. S. Barnes & Co.) 50
MacLean (A.), The Mound Builders	(Robt. Clarke & Co.) 1 50
Maason (G.), Early Chroniclers of Europe—France	(Pott, Young & Co.) 1 50
Mays (Dr. T. J.), Consumption, and How to Prevent It	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1 00
Mildred at Roseland	(Dodd, Mead & Co.) 1 25
Molière, Dramatic Works, Translated by C. H. Wall, 3 vols.	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 4 50
Gort (Dr. H.), Guide for Learners, 3 vols.	(Robt. Clarke & Co.) 6 50
Osmond (Dr. H.), Winter and Its Dangers	(Lindsay & Blackiston) 51
Penley (A.), Water-Color Painting	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 51
Pease (C.), Christie Johnstone, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.) 30
Renton (W.), Jesus	(William Renton)
Richardson (Dr. J. G.), The Cross	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) 60
Richardson (Dr. J. G.), Long Life, and How to Reach It	(Lindsay & Blackiston) 51
Ryberg (V.), Magic of the Middle Ages	(Henry Holt & Co.) 1 75
Sanders (Prof. D.), Wörterbuch der Hauptschwierigkeiten in der deutschen Sprache, swd.	(G. Langenscheidt)
Shelton (H.), In Prison and Out	(Dodd, Mead & Co.) 1 00
Skin and Its Troubles	(D. Appleton & Co.) 40
Smith (N.), Old Fairs in New Light	(Chas. Scribner's Sons) 1 50
Vaughan (Rev. E. B.), Science and Religion, swd.	(John B. Peet)
Vivien de Saint-Martin, Nouveau Dictionnaire de Géographie Universelle, Vol. 1, -C, swd.	(F. W. Christern)
Willing (C. E., Jr.), Tyrol, and the Skirt of the Alps	(Harper & Bros.) 3 01
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Wilson (Dr. J. C.), Summer and Its Diseases	(Lindsay & Blackiston) 50
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